

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1452. — April 6, 1872.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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THE DWELLING OF THE ABSENT, ETC.

From the Evening Post.
THE DWELLING OF THE ABSENT.

BY MRS. JOHN H. UHL.

A PLACE of graves ! Not in
" God's Acre " only,
Where safe from pain and sin,
And no more lonely,
Sleep the unnumbered throng
Of dear, dead faces,
While unto us belong
Their empty places :
Not where the oak woods shade
That quiet meadow,
Where solemn tryst is made
'Twixt sun and shadow,
Not there alone our ghosts
Of by-gones haunt us ;
Not there the sad-eyed hosts
Of memory daunt us —

But up and down the street
They come to meet us,
They stay our hurrying feet,
Their whispers greet us.
Touch of their shadowy palms
Stills all life's fever,
Hinting what restful calms
Are theirs forever.

A place of graves it seems,
The dear old village,
Each old-time garden teems
With Death's stern tillage ;
Behind yon cottage panes,
Which woodbine graces
After September rains,
Familiar faces
Peer forth with yearning look,
That instant flitting ;
We know in that dear nook
No one is sitting.

Across the echoing floors
Of homesteads stately,
Behind the sad, shut doors
So wide-flung lately,
Some soundless footfalls glide
In noontides stilly,
Some viewless forms abide
When eves grow chilly.
So when we enter in
To greet the living,
Our wandering thoughts they win
To fresher grieving ;
Our speech of common things
Sounds strange and hollow,
We list the flight of wings
That bid us follow.

Ah ! not in vain, some night,
When rain is falling,
Shall we essay that flight,
Obey that calling ;

When shall the Autumn dawn,
Through bronzed leaves stealing
Of that oak-shadowed lawn
Our share revealing,
Wake in some gentle heart
A quiet sorrow
That we no more have part
In Life's " Good morrow ! "

Yonkers, March 15th.

BROKEN WINGS.

BEATING our wings in our blindness
Against the hard bars of the world !
God's love, in its infinite kindness,
Away from us recklessly hurled !

Beating our wings — who will save them
Being broken and soiled and torn ?
Once broken and soiled — who will lave them ?
Shall we wish we had never been born ?

Alas for our wings ! is it sleeping
The love once so dear and so sweet ?
What return shall we have for our weeping ?
Will the balm be laid at our feet ?

Nay, the love is there, 'tis not fleeting,
'Tis a balm for all earthly things,
But not for the weary beating
Of hearts, nor for broken wings.

One Hand alone can heal them,
Aye, His whom the Gospel sings,
One word from Him can anneal them,
In Him are no broken wings.

F. A. L.
Victoria Magazine.

RED SUNRISE.

THE dawn spread clear and bright
Across the glowing skies ;
Past the departing night
Up flashed the red sunrise.

When, lo ! the mists of morn,
Pale phantoms, one by one,
In earthly valleys born,
Stalked forth, and veiled the sun.

The morning, grown to noon,
Made shadows disappear,
Till in mid-heaven soon
The sun shone strong and clear.

Type of our life ! the sun
Hath once the horizon kissed :
Soon shall they pass, each one —
Shadow, and cloud, and mist.
Tinsley's Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM
1750 DOWNWARDS.

ROBERT BURNS.

ALL lives are tragedies: and it may be that those that seem the bitterest and darkest take their intenser shades chiefly from the fact that adventitious circumstances have brought them more vividly before the eyes of the world. Such a reason might at least hold good as an explanation of the supremely tragic character of the lives of poets. Of all we have yet ventured to touch in this series, Wordsworth alone has pursued his life to a calm and ordinary conclusion, without passing through the heaviest clouds that can overshadow humanity. With the others the passage has been bitter as sorrow and suffering could make it; and not only sorrow and suffering—that which gives its deepest pang to pain, and its bitterest prostration to ruin, moral weakness and wrong-doing has woven itself in with these typical lives in an inseparable thread of darkness. The splendour of the gifts with which it is combined makes this gloomy web only the more apparent; and through all the brightness and nobleness of the web it runs its darkling pattern, its intricate design, impairing the beauty, diminishing the greatness, yet adding a sorrowful human meaning, which touches while it humbles every spectator. And in no life of genius has this fatal darkness been more apparent than in the life of Burns. Circumstances have set it before the world in such prominence that to many it seems the chief thing notable, the first memory attached to his name. Three parts of a century have passed since in premature gloom and lurid splendour the sun went down for him at noonday; and since then the world has never ceased to dwell upon this warp in his nature and stain on his life. The reticences with which relations and friends have surrounded the name of Coleridge, have been contemptuously thrown to the winds in the case of the ploughman-poet. Whose feelings were to be considered among a race of small farmers and tradesmen, too much honoured by incurring even the censure of the great world? Such small personages, it is well

understood, must stomach the reproach as they may. Therefore every man has had his fling and said his say about Burns. The greatness of the poet has given in many cases but a reason at once and an excuse for raking up all the follies of the ploughboy, and showing the gauger in his cups. Poor devil! as it was a fine fate for him to amuse his betters at their feasts while he lived, so it was a fine fate for him when he was dead to furnish them with a moral and gratify the complaisance of his superiors. And this impertinent folly—most impudent, most foolish, despite the protests of Lockhart and Wilson and Carlyle—has survived even to this day. Perhaps no one now would venture to speak of him with the affability and condescension which all, or almost all, of his contemporaries considered themselves justified in employing. But still, the facts that he was a ploughman and an exciseman, and was of dissipated habits, are much more prominent in his career to the general eye, especially out of Scotland, than are the nobler facts of his work and character. In Scotland, fortunately, thanks to the national fire which he perhaps was the first to raise again out of its embers, after all the depression and discouragement of the seventeenth century, there exists such a warmth of feeling on this subject, that he who would touch our poet rudely may well bethink himself of our national motto before he makes the venture, and remember the thistle's sharp and instant reprisals. To have re-created that national feeling, that deep and warm and unquenchable patriotism which has made Scotland, small and poor, a force in the great universe, is no small work, however accomplished. Had there been any to do it for Ireland at the same dreary crisis, when the national spirit had sunk low, and discouragement had fallen upon its heart, what issues of courage and cheerful hope and warm individual exertion might there not have been! But Ireland had neither Burns nor Scott; and the genius which might have remoulded it—giving, by dint of poetry and imagination, such an impulse to all that was noble, reasonable, and resolute in the country, as no other influence could give—has flickered away in confusing

lights, fantastic Will-o'-the-wisps, and eccentric gleams of contradictory guidance. Probably the amount of genius in the two lands has not been so unequal as the world supposes; but in the one it has been frittered away in wild melodious foolishness, without plan or union, in Shan van Voghts and faction-songs; whereas in the other it has been concentrated, and done the work which one great voice better than a hundred quavering pipes of smaller singers can do. When the world comes to recognize what a wonderful agency it is which in reality makes a great part of the difference between greatness and pettiness, happiness and unhappiness, for a country, then, perhaps, yet only perhaps, it will fare better with the poet. We say, only perhaps; for it is very doubtful whether the Poet bred in an intellectual hothouse and trained for a special work, would have either heart or ability for it. The chances are according to the perversity of human nature, either that the singer chosen for such a process would turn out incapable, or that his mind would choose some other channel. The man who would touch the deepest springs of human motive, must endure the difficulties and feel the fierce contention of every struggle that he sings.

A great deal too much however, we think, has been made of the condition of life into which Burns was born. It had its disadvantages, but perhaps not more than those which belong to some other spheres. Two poets of that rich and splendid age which ushered in our own were born in exceptionally difficult circumstances. The one was a ploughman and the other a peer. Both lived and died tragically, in their youth, having had trial of cruel scourgings and woundings, bitter deserts, and still more bitter encouragements. Heaven forbid that any son of ours should emulate either fate; yet if such a terrible choice had to be made, would any man hesitate to choose for the boy most dear to him the fate of Burns rather than that of Byron? To ourselves there does not seem a moment's hesitation in the matter. Tragical and terrible as both are, there is a harmony and sweetness of life about the humble poet, a note of pathetic accordance amid all its discords

with God's will and man's service, which is not in the other. It is premature to carry out the comparison, which we may resume at a later period. But the two, somehow, stand together in a sad separation from other men, in their individual places, made distinct by fortune. The one with everything (as people say) in his favour; the other with everything (as people say) against him. And both failed as men, tragically and mournfully. Yet the Peasant less tragically, less awfully, than the Peer. All the gentle compensations of nature, all her tears and sweetnesses, all the flowers with which she sprinkles the too early grave, are for the lowly, the proud, the tender child of poverty — the son of the soil. Heaven and earth weep over him with an indulgence, a pitiful awe of his weakness, which is not for the other. He is footsore and weary, his dress and his hands are all scratched with briars and thorns of toil; but, heaven pardon all their straying, these feet were loyal amid their stumblings, these hands laboured and pulled away the thorns out of the path of others. Never, or only by moments when the bravado of his time would seize him, did this man glory in shame. On the contrary, he repented in sackcloth and ashes, standing still to note his shortcomings, struggling against them, sometimes manfully if sometimes weakly, and when he could, repairing the wrong. Whatever may be said of the disadvantages of nature, it is clear that at least in this case the exceptionally unfortunate circumstances were better than the exceptionally fortunate; and that if one extremity of the social level is to be chosen for a poet, it is better that that extremity should be low than high — a farmhouse rather than a palace.

But though it is impossible to consider him as a man, without considering these circumstances of origin and calling, we think, we repeat, that Burns's rank in life has been made a great deal too much of. It was an accident which directed his genius into a special channel; but in that direction there was certainly more good than evil. His poverty and lowliness did for him what probably no amount of training could have done. It made him the natural

expositor and prophet of a certain class, and that the widest and most numerous of any in the country. It might be well a century ago to utter condescending commendations of the "short and simple annals of the poor;" but at this present time he would be a bold critic who would venture to assert that a true study of life in what we call the lower classes, is either less interesting or less noble than a study of the lives of dukes and duchesses; indeed, the balance has turned, and our predilections are ready to go the other way. Duchesses and dukes, though sometimes admirable persons, have the lines of their life so traced out for them that, unless their characters be very exceptional indeed, there is but a very limited amount of profit to be got out of them; but the vast levels of human nature, where Sorrow and Pain, those greatest of dramatists, do their work broadly — where the primitive emotions are less controlled by complicating cobwebs of new-fangled thought — where life is more outspoken, more logical, less self-contained — these have an interest deeper and truer than all the high life ever recorded. Nothing but the fact of being to the manner born could enable a man to elucidate to us this great silent sea of living, which without such elucidation we should know only in those periodical storms which raise it into fury, and confound all the wisdom of the wise and the conclusions of the learned. So far as this goes, the accident of birth secured for Burns a very great and real advantage — all the advantage which a man derives from an immense "backing;" and from being the representative of a very large number of other men. Neither was there anything in his education to neutralize this advantage. For his characteristic and peculiar office, which was not that of a poet in the abstract, but of a poet born to real and special use and service, no training could have been more perfect. He acquired letters as those do whom he had come into the world to interpret — painfully, toilsomely, at a cost which made the scanty sum of instruction dearer than the highest attainments of an education more easily acquired. Every new book was to him as an undiscovered country — a something

novel and original won out of the niggardly hands of fate. The world of poetry and imagination was all the more lovely, all the more precious to him, that it lay side by side with the plainest and hardest of facts. Every intellectual step he made filled him with a delight and exultation such as a modern epicure of emotion would give worlds to taste. All that belonged to the mind and its ethereal existence — all, in short, that was not hard toil and actual struggle — was fresh and sweet, and novel and lovely, full of a beauty which surprised him, and took his heart by storm. And while he had this delightful relish of novelty in everything intellectual, his moral training was such as the world could not have surpassed. He was the son of a good, honest and honourable man. He was brought up fearing God and serving his neighbour — if, perhaps, within too narrow a circle, and with too absolute a limitation of the title, yet cheerfully, unselfishly, without even the idea of separating his own interests from those of the intimate few around him. In all the events of the life of William Burns's household there is nothing that is not worthy and noble. A man was above the reach of shame who came from such a house. He had as good a setting out in the world as any prince could have given to his best-beloved son. The only drawback, indeed that we can see in Burns's education, was its tendency to cultivate that excessive pride and sense of bitterness under obligation which was the grand stumbling-block of the peasant of those days. It cannot be called the weakness of any class now; yet we feel that the misery of wounded pride which attended indebtedness in the mind of the Scotch ploughman farmer, and the morbid, passionate terror of shame which reigned in many such humble houses, was the weak point in their life, though it proceeded from very strength of character and integrity. But surely this was a failing which leant to virtue's side. The ease with which debt sits upon most people's shoulders now, and the readiness to take from all sources which is characteristic of modern civilization, is a failing of an infinitely meaner kind; though the excess of virtue had its drawbacks too.

This, so far as we know, was the only principle in which his youth was trained which could be other than advantageous to the poet. We do not contest the advantages of academical training, but we doubt much whether, had William Burns been able to send his sons to college, and had Robert struggled into a poor Scotch student's hardly-won knowledge of classic and modern literature, it would have done him half as much good as his natural breeding in his father's cottage was calculated to do. It might, perhaps, and that is doubtful, have enriched us with some smother epic, some tragedy of loftier plan; but the cottar's fireside would have remained voiceless, and the mouse and gowan of the Ayrshire fields would have perished like their predecessors, without one word of all that tender musing, that pathetic and most human philosophy, which has made them live for ever. Had we the choice even of another Hamlet, we should pause ere we purchased it at such a cost. Nay, we would not pause; but with a quick decisive choice would hold out our hands towards the poet of the ploughed fields, and the wimpling burn, and the farm-stead. Shakespeare is: and praised be heaven no critic has it in his power to barter him for any classic piece of perfection observant of all the rules of art, as some critics would have gladly done little more than a century ago; but not even for a second Shakespeare could we let go our Burns. We refuse to believe that education would have mended him, or that the poet, had he been more than a ploughman, would have been a greater poet. We are much more ready to believe that the very reverse is the truth, and that if ever man was anointed and consecrated to a special work in this world, for which all his antecedents, all his training, all his surrounding circumstances combined to fit him, Robert Burns was that man. What was to blame was not his birth or breeding, but that monstrous fiction of conventional life, which ordains that one set of circumstances are essentially nobler than another, and that all who deserve well of their fellows should be forced upon one sphere and one monotonous level of good society, whether it suits them or not, whether it is really better or not. This fiction is wide as the world, and old as the ancient ages; neither is there any possibility, so far as we are aware, of shaking its hold upon men: but, notwithstanding, it is false and evil; and to its injurious influence, and not to anything in the natural life of the poet, are his miseries, and, we believe, most of his sins, to be ascribed. What a pity, the world

said, to permit such a man to remain in the inferior sphere where he was born! and accordingly every fool who wrote himself gentleman, and a hundred local nobodies, who were as mice — not only to Robert Burns, but to such men as his father and brother — “noticed” the poet, “raised” him to their level, impressed that foolish social lie, from the sway of which none of us entirely escape, upon his mind too, and spoiled the fit education, the noble training, which God and his home had given. By this he was, as a man, torn asunder, and ruined for this world; but faithful to his trust in the midst of all his misery, through heart-breakings, through tempest and convulsions, he held firm his commission as poet, to the last. He held that post, as a soldier blind with wounds, and dizzy with the tumult of the fight, might hold fast the flag, the symbol of duty and honour, of country and cause. Whatever he lost besides, that he held high to the end. Through worlds of good advice from the wise, and siren whispers from voices more prevailing, and suggestions of ambition, and hints of profit, he stood by those colours. His faithfulness to his work made him wiser than the wise. He yielded, facile as a man — but as a poet he was immovable; and as a poet, though not as a man, he is safe for ever.

It seems almost needless to tell over again the old well-known tale; but it is so full of pity and wonder, of the beautiful and the tragic, that there are few histories of man more attractive. Robert Burns was born in January 1759, on the banks of the Doon, in a cottage built of clay by his father's own hands. The “blast of Januar' wind” which “blew hansel in” upon the new-born, blew this humble little house about his baby ears at the very outset of his career. His mother was a woman of the country, peaceable, religious, and orderly; his father a man from the north, of a sterner and higher type of character. Robert was the eldest of seven children, born to toil and to spare; to live hardly and honestly by the sweat of their brow; with no pretence beyond their station, and little hope of any advance out of it, — a most lowly, high-minded race, humble as the humblest, yet proud as the proudest, combining, in a way which few people understand nowadays, the most matter-of-fact and absolute poverty with a haughty and stern independence. In external circumstances they were scarcely better off than the villagers whose claims for Christmas coals and blankets is one of the chartered rights of English country

life; but in mind they were haughty as the Doges, holding charity as poison, and debt as shame. This virtue of independence was the one only point in the family character which threatened to grow morbid. All the others were sweet and wholesome as the day. Never was there a more attractive picture than that of this pleasant father among his children, in the midst of the ceaseless toil and care of their beginning of life. His first little farm was sterile and profitless; his second promised better, but even there ill-fortune overtook him in the shape of a doubtful lease and unkind landlord. His boys had to set to work as soon as their young strength permitted, and Robert had begun to do a man's work by the time he was fifteen. He and his brother Gilbert were sent to school as occasion served — for a few years regularly, and then, as they grew older, "week and week about," as they could be spared from the farm-work. When there was no possibility of schooling, "my father," says Gilbert Burns, "undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings by candle-light; and in this way my two elder sisters received all the education they ever received." Of these sisters nothing is ever told us, but the kindly mother moved but and ben while the fire-side lessons were going on, and sang them songs in the gloaming; and a certain old Jenny, brimful of ghost stories and all the ballads of the country-side, frightened and charmed the lads with her endless lore. "Nothing could be more retired than our manner of living: we rarely saw anybody but the members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age or near it in the neighbourhood. . . . My father was for some time almost the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly on all subjects with us, as if we had been men, and was at great pains while we accompanied him in the labours of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge or confirm us in virtuous habits. He borrowed Salmon's 'Geographical Grammar' for us, and endeavoured to make us acquainted with the situation and history of the different countries of the world; while from a book society in Ayr he procured for us the reading of Durham's 'Physics and Astro-Theology,' and Ray's 'Wisdom of God in Creation,' to give us some idea of astronomy and natural history. Robert read all these books with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equalled." Quaint and strange studies for the ploughboys in their winter evenings,

gathered about the solitary candle, with the cheerful glow of the fire lighting up the one homely chamber, which was kitchen and parlour and hall — the croon of their mother's long low songs lingering in their ears, and their hearts still thrilling with old Jenny's wonders. Sometimes threatening letters would come from the factor — letters threatening roup and jail, no doubt, the two horrors of the poor, which "used to set us all in tears." Sometimes, however — a more agreeable interruption — friends would come from Ayr, to lighten this grave life with friendly talk; and on one occasion, of which there is a distinct record, the young dominie who had taught the boys came over to spend an evening in the smoky, cheery farm kitchen, where the slates and books were no doubt laid aside. He brought with him (of all things in the world) the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus" — "and by way of passing the evening he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play (I have but a confused remembrance of it) had her hands chopped off, and her tongue cut out, and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed, that if we would not hear it out, it would be needless to leave it with us. Robert replied, that if it was left he would burn it." Bold critic, wise by nature! Is there not something in these scenes which the imagination lingers over more tenderly than if this boy's education had been in the hands of scholars of endless learning? And then when the books were laid aside, and the porridge supped, and the homely yet hospitable table cleared, came the family service — the "*Let us worship God*," which, in the confidential intercourse between the two brothers, Robert told Gilbert had always seemed to him the most solemn of utterances. A sketch of family life more pure, more true, more touching, was never made.

But this existence, though so beautiful to look back upon now, was painful enough then. To the lads who were confined within these bonds of toil, it seemed hard that they should have thus to labour without ceasing with little prospect of any outlet. "The cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave," says the poet, looking back upon it with a shudder from the heights of early fame, when he seemed to have got clear for ever of that grinding poverty. His brother is

more moderate; but still with a deep gravity relates the story of their painful youth. "To the buffetings of misfortune," he says, "we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house; while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and even beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in threshing the crops of corn; and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind that we felt at our tender years under these straits and difficulties was very great. To think of our father now growing old (for he was above fifty), broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances, these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress." But, nevertheless, the lads were young and capable of throwing over their deep distress whenever the factor's letter, or some other immediate pinch of misery, was a few days, or perhaps a few hours off. At fifteen, Robert fell in love for the first time, with "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie," who was his partner in the harvest-field, following him close through the golden rig, as the manner was, binding, as he cut it, the rustling poppy-mingled grain. She "sang sweetly" a song "composed by a small country laird's son on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love;" and the dark, sunburnt, glowing boy, with the thrill of a new emotion stirring through him, ran into song too, moved by emulation and by all those dawning "thoughts, and passions, and delights," which are the ministers of love. "My Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet," sang the fifteen-year-old boy in his rapture, in the golden autumn sunshine among the golden corn. He is not much to be pitied after all. The scene is Arcadian in its tender innocence, lit up with a sweet glow of natural light and colour, but no heat of premature or unnatural passion. This little scene in the harvest-field balances with its sweet daylight the Rembrandt interior of the farmhouse kitchen and its copy-books. "Puirtitth cauld," such as "wracks the heart," and labours without ceasing; but at the same time, warm, natural, hopeful, glowing life, and love, and song.

We need not linger to tell how he read Addison and Pope, in addition to the se-

rious works above recorded; how his boyish imagination was struck by the "Vision of Mirza," and his literary ambition aroused by the accidental acquisition of "a small collection of letters by the most eminent writers," which was bought by his uncle by mistake instead of the "Complete Lettter-Writer," which he had intended to buy;—for a lurking doubt afflicts us, whether Burns's letters might not have been more natural and agreeable had he never met with the compositions of these "eminent writers:" nor need we pause to say that he acquired some rudiments of French—an acquisition which his biographers rather insist upon, but which, we imagine, the readers of his correspondence will ruefully wish had never been attained. He also began the "Rudiments of the Latin Tongue," but soon laid aside that uncongenial study. What is infinitely more important is, that he lived his toilsome life in innocence, in warm friendship with some companions of his own age, and chiefly with his admirable brother; that he obeyed, and loved, and honoured, keeping faithfully in the narrow but noble track of duty which his father had trod before him, often sad and anxious, yet ever light hearted, playing with the woes of life in a sweet unconsciousness of the deep innate happiness which lay beneath them, such as is natural to youth. How fine is his own description of this boyish innocent existence:—

"I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thrash the barn,
Or haud a yokin' o' the plough,
An', though forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn."

What better sketch could be made of the "happy, weary" lad, "sair forfoughten," but proud and glad of his advance to his heritage, a man's work? "He is hardly to be envied," says Mr. Lockhart, "who can contemplate without emotion this exquisite picture of young nature and young genius."

This fresh and spotless youth outlasted all the early experiences of rural life, and retained its purity through all the picturesque and dangerous flirtations of the country-side. Into these flirtations it was evident he plunged with all the warmth of his impassioned nature. He "went owre the hills to Nannie," though the wastlin wind blew both rude and chill, and the day's darg had been hard and heavy. On "the Lammas night," when—

"The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly,"

he spent hours of happiness among "the rigs o' barley." Another "charmer" he invites on a clear evening, when "thick flies the skimming swallow," to stray with him upon his "gladsome way," — to see the beauty of nature —

"The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature."

At another time the lady is unkind; and the little picture, fresh-breathing of dews and fields, surrounds one figure only in the fantastic depths of youthful despair: —

"The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life's to me a weary dream —
The dream o' a man that never wauks."

Every one of these bursts of song reveals to us the sweet country-side, with all its woods and streams, the tender silence of nature, the "happy living things" which the poet loves with all the natural warmth of a heart that opens wide its inmost doors to everything that lives. The lark which —

"'Tween light and dark,
Blythe wauken by the daisy's side,"

is as visible to him as the shepherd that "o'er the moorland whistles shrill;" and all nature is populous to his universal sympathy. A man with such exuberance of tender thought and winning words was, as might be expected, welcome everywhere to the rustic maidens, to whom it was as sweet as to any princess to receive such tuneless homage. And the farmer of Lochlea's son was a "strappin' youth," well fitted to take any woman's eye. Dark eyes glowing with latent passion and fire ("I never saw such another eye in any human head," says Walter Scott, a tolerable judge); dark hair curling about his honest handsome forehead; a stalwart frame, not extravagant in height, but cast in the robustest mould; come of a creditable, honourable family; and endowed with a native wit which no one could deny, and a genial friendliness towards his fellow-creatures which few people could resist. Nature never set forth a more hopeful youth in the regions to which he belonged by birth and breeding. "I was generally a welcome guest wherever I visited," he says. "At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance." He was in the secret of half the loves in the parish of Tarbolton, and as proud of his knowledge "as ever was statesman in

knowing the intrigues of half the courts in Europe." A prince could not have been more free, more favoured or well thought of; indeed he was in his sphere an absolute prince, "able to set want at defiance," which was all he required for independence, and cumbered with no artificial needs.

Thus Robert Burns lived till he was twenty-three. The anxieties which sometimes overwhelmed him were not for himself, but for his family, that his father's honourable name might be kept pure, and a roof kept over his old mother's head, and the household held together, which it had been old William Burns's aim and pride to keep together. He kept free of debt, which he held in purest terror, upon £7 a year, as his brother Gilbert testifies. Towards the end of this virtuous beginning of his life he went to Irvine to learn the trade of flax-dressing, and there lived upon porridge — on the oatmeal sent him from home — as many a farmer's son has done while wearing the academic gown. To this he was moved either by a desire so far to improve his position as to be able to marry, or possibly by the more serious thoughts suggested by an illness, which seems to be referred to in a very grave, and indeed pathetic letter, written in the end of 1781, in which he declares himself to find great comfort in the description of heaven given in Revelation, and says that, "sometimes for an hour or two, when my spirits are a little lightened, I glimmer a little into futurity, but my principal, and, indeed, my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way." He despairs, he says, "of ever making a figure in life" — a curious idea, one would suppose, to have so much as entered his mind. These utterances of youthful sadness must always, however, be taken with a large allowance for the feeling of the moment, and seldom represent anything more than temporary depression. And, poor fellow, he had been jilted, badly it would appear, from some letters in his correspondence of a high and splendid tone, much unlike the frank and fresh nature of his love-songs. This venture at Irvine ended in a fire, which consumed flax and tools, and left the young man without a sixpence. Its consequences were, however, still worse than pecuniary loss. The society of the little town corrupted the country lad. He heard immorality spoken of with levity, and probably was introduced to scenes of dissipation such as could scarcely be found in the

parish of Tarbolton among the comrades who trusted him with their love-secrets. He returned home with the seeds of evil in him. But we are loath to leave this idyllic chapter, this genial and gracious youth. Amid its simple enjoyments there had been one which is curiously illustrative of the intellectual ambition which is natural to the Scotch peasant. When he was twenty-one, he, his brother, and five other young men, established a club in the village of Tarbolton for literary purposes. They were to meet once a-week in the village public-house; but lest the meeting should become an occasion of dissipation, the expenditure of each member was not to exceed threepence on any one night. Their object was "to relax themselves after toil, to promote sociality and friendship, and to improve the mind." As was natural they debated social and sentimental subjects, "toasted their mistresses," and cultivated mutual friendship. They "found themselves so happy," says the *naïve* preamble to their rules, that after this club had existed for more than a year, they resolved to give a dance in its honour. "Accordingly we did meet, each one with a partner, and spent the evening in such innocence and merriment, such cheerfulness and good-humour, that every brother will long remember it with pleasure and delight." Such were the pleasures of the young rustics when left to themselves in their own sphere, without interference from their "betters." When Burns and his family removed to Moss-giel, near Mauchline, they originated a similar club there; and though Dr. Currie, with his usual superiority considers their choice of books to have been objectionable, as "being less calculated to increase the knowledge than to refine the taste" — a quality he evidently considered unnecessary in a peasant — yet it is probable the rural society knew better than its critic. We dwell upon these particulars not so much for their absolute importance to Burns's life, as to show how worthy and even noble were all its circumstances so long as it remained in its natural channel. The little Tarbolton club debated whether prudence or inclination should most be considered in marriage; but not for its edification was planned the "Holy Fair." It is connected with the "Epistle to Davie," a very different production, and with all the virtuous innocent thoughts, the simple yet lofty impulses, the cheerful young philosophy of that pleasant poem. To his fellow-rustic it was thus the rustic poet wrote, with true hope and manful content, yet

sparks of that indignation which young men feel at the inequalities of fortune: —

"What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year;
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sow the tune;
Synne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

"Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet,
They gi'e the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's the wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where."

These verses were repeated by the poet to his brother Gilbert in the summer of 1784, shortly after their father's death, when they were working together at Moss-giel, the new farm in which each member of the family had embarked all his or her possessions and labours, in the hope of being able to live and toil together. It was "in the interval of harder labour, when he and I were working in the garden (kail-yard)." "I believe," adds Gilbert, "the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion." As they stooped among the kail, the one said to the other that the verses were good — as good as Allan Ramsay, sweetest praise to the author's tingling gratified ears, and that "they would bear being printed." The writer and receiver of the letter and the critic were all "country lads." These were the sentiments that naturally occurred to, and the style that pleased them. We shall see what was the different tone employed when the young farmer of Moss-giel fell into the hands of his betters, and began to be petted, patronized, and taken notice of, to the great satisfaction of all his biographers and his own pleasure and pride.

The little town of Mauchline would seem then to have possessed a certain jovial society, true men of the time, such

as have figured in many a reminiscence of the end of last century—men half-way between the rude and loud squires of Fielding and the jovial lawyers of Scott, with that smack of free-thinking which belonged to their special generation, as well as of the free living which was characteristic of the class up to a comparatively recent period. Even yet the character has not sufficiently died out of Scotland to require much stretch of memory to identify it. The "writer," who held one of the highest places in the little half-town half-village society, was probably a younger son of a laird, or possessed at least some family connection or standing-ground in the neighbourhood. By this right of family he was set free from all the bonds which restrain men who have their character and position to make; and his education, his coarse wit, the familiarity which he was free to indulge in with the common people, aware that it would never lessen the importance which was derived not from himself but from his family—a familiarity which hid infinite rude arrogance behind its convivial good fellowship—earned him the superficial suffrages of the unthinking multitude. His natural inclination to rude and riotous scepticism was blown to a certain polemical heat by the events and commotions of the time, and he had it in his power to be irreligious at once and immoral, to drink and swear, and sneer and roar in boisterous merriment, at every thing that pretended to goodness or purity, without losing his right to be considered a gentleman. He united the vices of the rough-riding squire to those of the professional man of the town; and but for a certain wild cleverness and good-nature, had very few redeeming qualities about him. Such was the kind of man who was the aristocrat of the little Ayrshire burghs. Sometimes he was the doctor, sometimes the writer, sometimes even, softened down a little and put into a more respectable garb, he became the parish minister, and drank, and laughed, and made questionable jokes with the best.

It was into the hands of this fashion of man that Robert Burns, farmer at Moss-giel, who had already begun to write "Robert Burns, poet," across the pages of his scrap-books, fell. It was a "rise in life," for the ambitious ploughman. This wild, rude, boisterous society was the society of gentlemen. The young man was dazzled by the new light that thus shone upon him. Men who were the equals of all the lairds and lords in the country-side made him their equal. Their accent a lit-

tle finer than his own, the mass of additional books which probably they had read, their superior power of expressing themselves, their possession of that gift of education which is the god of the poor Scotchman, made his admission to their company like entrance into Elysium. They were his betters; it was the natural reward of his superior genius to be admitted among them; his hopes could not have reached so far had not Poetry opened the tavern door, or the more difficult parlour, and admitted him to make sport for the gentlemen. And he was young, and had that glamour in his eyes which confers nobleness and beauty on all it looks on. Thus he who had lived all his life among the wholesome fields, and had begun to sing of them in soft delightful strains, fresh as the very voice of nature, was dragged into another atmosphere, an air laden with fumes of toddy, and hot with the excitement of local squabbles—squabbles which were not even confined to the ground of politics, but which raged in that field where vituperation is always the loudest, and temper the highest, and levity most profane—the field of religious contention. And when we add that our Burns, the first great, truly national, poet of Scotland, began his public career with a string of verses in which bad taste and profane meaning have not even wit or fun to veil them, or the headlong race of poetic excitement to excuse them, we say in a word all that his introduction to better society, his admission to a higher class, his contact with men of education and family, did for him. From the "Epistle to Davie" to the "Twa Herds," what an inconceivable downfall! The first full of all the tranquil sweetness of nature, the sober yet ever pleasant and cheerful light of morning, before misfortune had become personal, or individual passion or anguish had disturbed the early daylight—a poem gently intelligible to all men, wide as humanity and poetry and all-compensating youth; the other a miserable local squib, requiring pages of explanation, filled with strange names of persons we know nothing about, bristling with allusions that are lost upon us, and possessing no zest or flavour except to those who understood all the temporary commotions of the country-side. How, with this curious contrast before them, people can still complain that Burns was not sufficiently noticed by the higher classes in his neighbourhood, and that it would have been salvation to him had he shared their education and breeding, instead of that of his

father's cottage, we are unable to conceive. Would to heaven that his betters had left the poet alone!—that they had left him to schoolmaster Davie and ploughman Gilbert, to his peasant society, to his musings afoot and afield, and not dragged him into their miserable and petty circles, their profane polemics, their coarse village disputes and personalities! This was what they did for the young soul coming fresh out of God's hands (though already, God forgive him! soiled with stains of the earth). And were it not that we have no right to judge individuals, and that the men are dead and have had their reckoning, we protest we should be disposed in good faith to endorse Holy Willie's profane petitions, so far as those "patrons" of Burns's youth—those "gentlemen" of whose friendship the ploughman was so proud—are concerned.

And to our own mind all the sad secret of the poet's life, the problem which it is so hard to read, is contained herein. He was nobly qualified, nobly trained for his true office, which lay among that class broadly and naturally entitled "the common people,"—the same who crowded the hillsides and clustered about the shores of the Lake in Galilee, listening—when their betters did not care to listen. Burns was their born exponent in his day, their minstrel, their prophet; but the moment his head appeared above the level, and those frank fervid eyes, aglow with the poet's passion of surprised delight in the newness and loveliness of all he saw, the world beheld, stared, wondered, and asked itself what to do? This strange apparition was like an unexpected visitor at the door. Of course he had to be admitted somehow. The conventional superstition which is just strong enough to keep common minds in awe, and extort those ceremonial observances which superstition finds refuge in, of respect to genius—made it inevitable that when once the man became visible, he should be made to mount up higher, at least for the moment, and to sit down at the master's table. And the young man went up with his glowing eyes, expecting to find everything there that imagination paints of noble and graceful and refined—and found a flutter of small-talk, the gossip of a clique, the cleverness of local malice, instead of that feast of reason and flow of soul which fancy had looked for. But fancy is strong, and would not let him believe all that in the first shock he must have felt, of bewildered disappointment and amaze. The

impulse of pride and pleasure with which he had come, carried him on to a certain gratification in being thus, as it were, made one of the clique, and initiated into all their personal hatreds and jocular onimities; till at last, in his perfectly real yet fictitious enthusiasm, he lifted the clear voice given him for so much nobler purpose, to sing to the confusion of his patrons' adversaries, adding sharp darts of his own to the vulgar gibe and coarse badinage, which was not his, poor boy, nor ever would have entered his soul. Mightily pleased, no doubt, were the patrons with this celestial slave they had gotten, this Samson whom they poked in his big ribs, and made to stretch out his muscles for their admiration—till the moment came when they had enough of him, and required no more. This natural inevitable process ruined Burns's life, and broke his heart; and it seemed for one terrible moment as if it might ruin his work too. But happily genius has better guards than those that fall to the lot of mere humanity, and the poet broke his bondage; the poet—
—not the man.

When we state our conviction that this was his curse and the secret of his ruin, we do not pretend to say that we can see how it could have been avoided. It might have been avoided indeed, had the so-called superior classes been really superior, greater in mind, purer in moral tone, and possessed with a fuller appreciation of real truth and beauty than their humbler neighbours. But they were not so; and we dare not assert that they are so now, or ever will be until the end of time. Equality is a miserable fiction as between man and man, but as between class and class it is a truth, which no thoughtful mind, we think, can dispute. The levels of humanity are extraordinarily like each other—as like as rivers are, or mountains, or any other species. There are differences in accent, differences in phraseology, immense differences in costume and aspect; but the biggest metropolitan society resembles the cliques of a village with a perfectly appalling likeness. Yet it is the common sentiment, the instinct of the world, that the worth which makes a man illustrious on one level should raise him to another; and hoisted up he must be accordingly, though we know he will gain nothing by it, and may lose much. We cannot resist this natural impulse, this doctrine of social reward for everything that is supremely excellent. Bad as it often is in its results, it would be worse still if the world were destitute of it, if soci-

ety was so indifferent to genius as not even to gape and stare. The principle must be accepted and even encouraged for the good of the universe; but yet what pain, what trouble, what terrible possibilities of ruin do we lay up for our lowly men of genius by accepting it! We lay up for them the certainty of getting tinsel for gold; of having the false so presented to them that they will accept it for a time as true; of receiving flattery which is more contemptuous than scorn, and commendation which is more insulting than insolence; and of finally dropping back into their native sphere, disgusted, disenchanting, sore, and wroth, with the beauty gone out of everything, and no further possibility in their minds of believing in excellence or generosity. It happened in Burns's day that the humbler level from which he was raised was infinitely better and purer than, at least, the next step of the social scale—which made the process yet more fatal to him than it might have been; and still we do not see how it could have been helped. Should another Burns arise now, we do not even know how we could profit by past experience, and avoid the danger for him. Did we neglect him or allow him to be neglected, it would be a bitter wrong and shame to humanity; while in "noticing," in "elevating," we incur the awful risk of ruining. We cannot even suggest how the difficulty is to be got over—but in our hearts we believe it was his friendly Gavin Hamiltons with their "takin' arts," his "glib-tongued Aikens," his good-natured, admiring, coarse, and commonplace patrons, and not his own education or want of education, which injured Burns's life and broke his heart.

The "Twa Herds" was not the only local and polemical satire produced by the unfortunate introduction of the poet into this new sphere. The "Kirk's Alarm" and "The Ordination" followed; all of which, we are bold to say, would be gladly left out of any future edition of Burns by all who esteem him as he ought to be esteemed. They are the sort of verses which would naturally be produced by the coarse and clever poet of a village, the man whose personal satires are always received by his limited circle with "a roar of applause," until somebody who knows better happens to see them, and makes the whole gaping audience at once ashamed of itself. We know no reason why they should have been retained in print so long, for they are neither brilliant nor melodious, but petty, foolish, and vulgar to an almost incredible extent. "Holy Willie's

Prayer" is quite different. It is equally, or indeed more profane, but it is pure satire, strong and trenchant, awful even in its vivid reality. This temendous sketch wants no explanatory notes, no foolish disguise of initials. The man stands out before us in a blaze of infernal light, a being whose existence we can neither doubt nor deny. We are not sure even that we can regret the profane inspiration which turned the poet's eye upon such a figure, for its truth and power redeems its profanity. It may be laughable to the shallow reader, but it is appalling to the thoughtful; and no virtuous prejudice should be allowed to interfere with the place which it has gained by sheer vigour, power, and truth. "The Holy Fair" is not so grand; but yet in it the poet has asserted himself as a poet. The profanity is less excusable in this than in "Holy Willie," which stands altogether on higher ground; it is a kind of profanity, too, of which William Burns's son never could have been guilty in his father's lifetime, and which probably, had any true voice suggested it to him, the still ingenuous young man would have blushed for with overwhelming shame; but still it is poetry, and full of animation and melodious vigour, and that reality of rural feeling which he knew so well. We regret that he should have treated the subject in such a way: but we cannot condemn.

The two years he spent at Moss-giel, however—though his habits seem to have lost their first purity, and some real stains (stains which we have no doubt have been much exaggerated) had crept upon his name—were the richest and most poetic of his life. He wrote most of his finest poems in this chilly farmhouse, the "auld clay biggin'," where, as he sat and eyed the smoke which filled the air with a "mottie misty" haze, the vision of Coila, blushing "sweet, like modest worth," with her "wildly witty, rustic grace" and her illuminated mantle, "stepped ben," stopping the rash vow which he was about to make, to rhyme no more. Itch, and beautiful, and happy and sad, were these years. Affairs went but badly with the brothers, yet with manifold modest souls they laboured at their days' work, sweetening it with such communion by the common roads and laborious fields as falls to the lot of very few. We have already instanced the poem communicated to Gilbert's brotherly ears, while the two were weeding in the kail-yard. The days and the places where such communications were made to him he remembered ever

after with proud and tender faithfulness. Once when the two were "going together with carts for coal to the family (and I could yet point out the particular spot), the author first repeated to me the 'Address to the Deil.' Another poem he heard of "as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the fields beside me." The "Cotter's Saturday Night" was made known to him first on a Sunday afternoon walk—a pleasant moment of intercourse which the brothers often enjoyed together—and Gilbert was "electrified," as well he might be. A more effectual reply to the ordinary delusion that unbounded leisure and ease are necessary for the production of poetry could scarcely be given; for in these two years Burns was labouring not less but harder than an ordinary ploughman—as a man works on his own land, knowing that every prospect in his life depends upon his exertions. He worked, and he courted, and he feasted, and yet found time, notwithstanding, for such a joyous, torrent of poetry—warm, full, and strong, instinct with life, and full of the delightful ease of inspiration—as the most industrious poet by trade we have ever heard of could not have produced in the time. This stream of song included sketches of life and character which have lit up all Scotland; soft friendly outbursts of humour, and genial poetic laughter as sweet as silver bells; and mingled with these, such tender rural philosophies, such pathetic thoughtfulness, pity, and charity as go direct to the heart. It was his very climax of life. Every influence round him entered into his soul. Its doors stood open day and night ready to receive everything that was weak and wanted succour, and ready to be moved by everything that was lovely and noble. In all the world there was not a created thing which he shut out from his sympathy: from the "cowering beastie" in the fields, to auld Nickie-ben in "you lowin' heugh"—he felt for all. He is like a god in his tender thought, in his yearning for their welfare.

When he wakes by night and hears the storm shake the walls of the clay cottage, he does not hug himself upon his individual warmth and comfort like common men—

"List'ning the doors and windows rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scour.

"Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry month o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What's come o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chattering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"

When morning comes, however, the young poet shakes off his coil of painful, pitiful thought, as chanticleer "shakes off the pouthery snaw." He, too, "hails the morning with a cheer." The toil and moil may sometimes swell a poetic sigh; but Burns is not afraid of them, nor moved by them. In the evening as he comes home, a tipsy neighbour, fallen by the roadside, catches his eye; and moved with whimsical indulgent humour, he sits down on the low wall of the brig, and with laughter shining in his eyes, summons up before him the devious progress of the fallen hero:—

"The clachan yill had made me canty,
I wasna fou, but just had plenty;
I stachered whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenned aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

"The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set myself;
But whether she had three or four,
I couldna tell."

Again, another whimsey seizes him. He will sing of "Scotch Drink," traditional *vin du pays*, the sadly misnamed water of life in northern lands. With ideal fervour he depicts its potency; ideal, for as yet, at least, no respectable peasant in Kyle or Carrick is more sober than "rant-in', rovin' Robin." He shows us how the "brawny, bainie, ploughman chiel" makes the glowing darksome smithy ring "wi' dinsome clamour," and "Burnewin comes on like death," after the jovial dram. Even here there comes in a touch of kindly pathos—the glimmer of the incipient tear beyond the bright eye's genial laughter, as he describes how the drink he celebrates "erects its head" sometimes among the gentle:—

"But humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine."

The subjects are so much alike that we may almost say it is in the same poem that one of the most brilliant and animated battle-sketches ever made comes in. The Scotch reader foresees at once to what

verses we refer. They are those in which the poet, in the rush and flow of his song, seizes by chance as it were, upon a soldier on the field, and paints him full length, with the suddenness of a photograph, but in a glory of colour and life which puts all such ghostly painting to shame : —

“ Bring a Scotsman from his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George’s will,
An’ there’s the foe,
He has nae thought but now to kill
Twa at a blow.

“ Nae could faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes — wi’ fearless eye he sees him;
Wi’ bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An’ when he fa’s,
His latest draught o’ breathin’ lea’es him
In faint huzzas ! ”

Was there ever a more splendid, animated, living picture ? “ The Highland gill,” after all, has very little to do with it; but he whom no faint-hearted doubtings assail — whose rush of fervid valour is limited only by the thought how best to kill twa at a blow — who breathes out in the face of death his faint huzzas, — what a vision, rapid as the lightning, plucked out of the very heart of battle ! In those days the British Isles was a fighting country, prompt to take offence, and ready to resent — interfering in every man’s affairs; and the reader of that period knew how true was the description. Homer himself could not be more nervous, more curtly powerful, or move us with a deeper roll and rush of heroic emotion. Thus the young ploughman sweeps on, playing upon his readers’ hearts as upon a magical instrument, now rolling deep in thunderous swells of feeling, now breathing a sweetness akin to tears. It is impossible to follow him through all those manifold notes, through this flood of harmony at once exciting and soothing, without the warmest sympathy. We know these poems half by heart. Yet when we read them over again they are all as fresh as ever, as radiant with life as if they had been printed yesterday. We change, as the poet bids us, and are grave and gay, and laugh and weep like so many fools, without pause or intermission, while we turn from page to page. Where did he get this heavenly gift ? But anyhow, he exercised it while ploughing and reaping, and leading coats along the country roads, and draining the clayey barren fields. Shall we say such a wonder never was ? At least it has been as rare as became a miracle.

And does not the reader see how, as these poems grew and breathed into being, the veil of the unknown was lifted, and all Lowland Scotland, sweet and cheery, came to light, as when the sun rises over an unseen land ? Some one, we forget at this moment whom, has directed attention lately to the place Scotland held in fiction and poetry before Burns and Scott were. Even Smollett, a Scotsman, dared say very little for his country. It was a land of sour fanatics, of penurious misers, of mean bowing and scraping, of servile acts of all kinds — a country which all its sons forsook as soon as possible, to pinch and scrape a living out of English prodigality, and to promote their raw-boned countrymen over the honest Saxon, who was no match for their grovelling cunning. This was the best that was said for us on the other side of the Tweed. The extraordinary revolution of sentiment since is due entirely to the two poets whose mission in very different ways was to make their country known. Burns was the first, and in some points he was very much the greatest. His revelation was deeper, stronger, more original than that of the other. It reached lower down, revealing almost more than one nationality in the warm and tender light by which it made Scotland visible — for he made the poor visible at the same time, the common people, the universal basis of society. Hard must that man’s heart have been, and opaque his intellect, who, after reading the “ Cottar’s Saturday Night,” could have looked with unchanged eyes upon a cottage anywhere. Scotland was the first object of the revelation — but after all the world.

“ At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.

Th’ expectant *wee things*, toddlin’, stacher
through
To meet their dad, wi’ flichterin’ noise an’
glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin’ bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftee *wife’s*
smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a’ his weary carking cares beguile,
An’ makes him quite forget his labour an’ his
toil.

“ Belye, the elder bairns came drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers’ youn’;
Some on’ the plough, some herd, some tentle rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu’ bloom, love sparkling in her e’e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,

Or deposit her snir-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

"Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amais't a weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air."

All this astonishing work, or at least the greater part of it, was done, as we have said in two years; and these most laborious, most anxious years, in which the poet did no more than "set want at defiance," and in which he had to maintain a continual conflict with fate, for the sake of all those additions which the simplest civilization must add to the wants of nature. To pay their rent, to keep the roof over their heads and their mother's head, to preserve the humble independence of men who were their own masters, and not hired servants, the brothers struggled, sometimes with failing, sometimes with courageous hearts. During this period Robert met and loved and lost his Highland Mary, the most spotless of all his loves. The little that we know of her is all tender, pure, and sweet. Her lover celebrated the house in which she was a humble maid-servant, in strains as passionate and reverent as ever knight of romance sang to his lady; and one of the sweetest pathetic love-partings recorded in the national mythology is that in which these two, with tears, and thoughts too deep for tears, exchanged their troth, holding each other's hands across the burn which wimpled between them. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thy oath," the poet wrote afterwards in his Mary's Bible, that grand and simple register of all great incidents in the lives of the poor. But death met Mary on her way, and compelled her to forswear herself. There is no record as to how he bore this blow. His early biographers were all too busy finding out how he was condescended to by the gentlemen, and how many fine houses he was asked to dine at, to have eyes or ears for such humble matters. And the next incident in Burns's career which comes clearly before

us is one which connects him with the name of Jean Armour — never thereafter to be separated from his.

The story of his connection with Jean is one which it is most distasteful to tell. Professor Wilson is justly indignant with the impertinent freedom of biographers who ventured to discuss in her lifetime whether her husband had loved her or not, and whether or not she was the occasion of all his misfortunes. It was fit that one of the most generous and manful of critics should have made this protest; but yet it is impossible to exonerate Mrs. Burns from blame. There can be no doubt that her facility and that easy-minded persuadableness, to use the mildest of terms, which made her give him up when not only his peace of mind, but her own honour, was concerned, procured for the man who was so faithful to her the severest trial of his life, and inflicted such pain upon him as nothing else could have done.

We need not enter into this miserable story, which is sufficiently well known, further than to say that Jean's parents destroyed, with her consent, the "marriage-lines" which made her Burns's lawful wife very shortly before the birth of her first child. Why the father and mother should have thus chosen disgrace for their daughter is one of the utterly unexplainable mysteries which occur sometimes in the most ordinary life; but when one reflects that but for this piece of monstrous and unintelligible folly, Burns's wife might have taken her place in the world as a spotless matron, no one, except, perhaps, some keen-sighted Mauchline gossip, being any the wiser, and the poet himself have been spared the deepest affliction of his life, and a stigma which never has been quite removed from him, it is hardly possible to refrain from a certain bitterness of denunciation. The Armours destroyed the marriage-lines, thus unmarring the pair; rejected all Burns's overtures; and then, last insult and injury, raised proceedings against him in order to compel him to give security for the maintenance of a child which he was not to be allowed to claim as legitimately his. The despair into which he was plunged by these proceedings seems to us to acquit Burns of all the oft-repeated accusations of profligacy which have been brought against him. His own design had been to go to Jamaica (a scheme which long had hovered in his brain), to work there for his wife's support; but he now offered to stay at home, to hire himself out as a farm-servant — a descent in the world which, though apparently small, was great

at that level, but which was refused like all the rest. It is impossible that a man who was ready to put his sincerity to such a test, whose attempt to right the wrong he had done was thus voluntary and unforced, and who was capable of the sentiments expressed in the "Lament," could be a vulgar seducer, a village profligate conversant with such adventures. The *promised father's tender name* would have been terrible and not sweet to such an ordinary villain; and the chances are that such a man would have congratulated himself on the good fortune of his escape, rather than broken his heart over the failure of his hopes.

Never was there sufferer more deeply to be pitied than the unfortunate young man who had thus been suddenly brought to a stop in the fulness of his youthful career. It is as if a ship in full sail, reckless with the security of good weather and past prosperity, had been suddenly caught by a hurricane and dashed against some unsuspected rock. Bitter mortification, wounded love and pride, the sense of a sacrifice offered in vain, and of personal rejection and contumely, mingled with all his external miseries. He was unable to give the security required. "I suppose," says Mr. Lockhart, "security for some four or five pounds a year was the utmost that could have been demanded from a person in his rank: but the man who had in his desk the immortal poems to which we have been referring, either disdained to ask, or tried in vain to find, pecuniary assistance in his time of need." Probably the former was the true state of the case, for borrowing was horrible to him. That terrible bugbear "a jail," a spectre which haunted him to his dying day with an almost childish terror, seemed now to open its gloomy doors at his very side. The only thing to save him was flight. And to fly, accordingly, he made up his mind. The prosecution raised by the Armours drove him into hiding. He "skulked from cover to cover" as he himself describes it, miserable, shame-stricken, almost in despair. Even when a situation was procured for him on the estate of a Dr. Douglas in Jamaica, as under-overseer, he had not money enough (nine pounds) to pay his passage. It was in this emergency that he bethought himself of publishing his poems, or, more likely, had that expedient suggested to him by his friends. They had become tolerably known in the local world by this time; and everybody who knew Burns took it in hand to get subscribers. The hope of a little profit in the matter scarcely seems, we think, to have bulked very largely with

Burns himself. Another idea was foremost in his mind. Had he left the country as he felt himself forced to do at that miserable crisis, he would have left it in disgrace — a man shamed, hunted away from his native shores, rejected under the most aggravating circumstances by the woman whom he loved. At such a dismal moment it was natural that there should rise in his heart a desire to redeem his name as far as was possible. "It was a delicious idea," he says, in the narrative of his early life which he addressed to Dr. Moore, not much more than a year after, and in which a certain levity of tone scarcely veils the recent wounds, "that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears." "It is just the last foolish action I intend to do," he writes in June 1786, to a friend with whom no forced feeling was necessary, a shoemaker in Glasgow, "and then turn a wise man as soon as possible." With this motive he drew forth those homely writing-books and scraps of manuscript on which were written the verses which would at that moment have been a greater loss to the world than the Crown jewels, and took them to an obscure Kilmarnock printer. Thus humbly stole into the world the last farewell to his country of a young man ruined and wretched — a volume which made more commotion in the world of literature than perhaps any one volume has made since. Never was there a humbler entry upon any stage; and few *débutants* have been so heavy-hearted. He was still in hiding, living about in the houses of his friends, when the volume appeared. Either its immediate success must have cowed those strange enemies who were, so to speak, of his own house, or his improving prospects disarmed them; for as the book sold he seems to have lingered, making new friends, and appearing at well-known houses in a way scarcely practicable to a hunted man. Dugald Stewart, with condescension so gracious and amiable that it seems cruel to call it by that disagreeable name, but which still was condescension, though most delicately veiled, had him to his house of Catrine, where he even "dinnered with a lord" on an occasion which he celebrates with much fun and glee. He formed the acquaintance, besides, of Mrs. Stewart of Stair, and of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, afterwards his steady friend and constant correspondent; and perhaps with some hopes raised by the very names of these great people — hopes of an exciseman's place, which already tempted him, among others — he lingered through the autumn, ever

reluctant to tear himself from his home. But no help came from any of his patrons; and the poems had produced twenty pounds. With this he secured a passage in a ship from Greenock, and even sent off his chest containing all his humble possessions. It was on a gloomy autumn night that he left the manse of Loudoun, where he had gone to take leave of the minister, Dr. Laurie, a friend who was exerting himself busily though secretly on the poet's behalf; and gloomier still were his confused and melancholy thoughts. As he strode over the dreary moorland in the cloudy gloaming, hope forsook the young man thus "abandoned, exiled, and forlorn." Tears came to his eyes, and the familiar language of song to his lips. "Farewell," he said, with all the bitterness of the parting swelling over him —

"Farewell auld Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes!
My peace with these — my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare:
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!"

This was the very darkest moment before the dawn. He had scarcely gone from Loudoun Manse when a letter arrived there from Dr. Blacklock in Edinburgh, a letter which the kind minister had been hoping for, which seems to have raised Burns at once from the depths of despondency to immediate and brilliant hope, though it contained nothing but warm praise and encouragement, and urgent advice that another edition of the poems should be published. So in place of going to Jamaica, the poet, no longer despairing, went off to Edinburgh, and all his life changed like the shifting of a scene in a theatre. The first portion was over, and many scenes completed; but now another fyttle of the eventful history was to begin.

The next chapter in Burns's life is a very curious one; but it was not of the importance which by all rules of likelihood it ought to have been. He went among the "first circles" of Edinburgh without perturbation, without enthusiasm, with a calm which utterly and with reason perplexed all his learned and witty and refined entertainers. The secret of this calm lay, no doubt, in the fact that he had been already disenchanted. He had found out what society was from his Mauchline experiences, being "quick to learn and wise to know" as ever man was. He had found out that gentlemen were like noth-

ing in this world so much as ploughmen — that the entertainments of the fine people, or at least those "writers' feasts" with which he was most conversant, were, with a few differences in manner, as like as two peas to the peasant carouses in alehouse kitchens. Nay, there would even seem in his utter silence about it a kind of suggestion that Burns found in the revels at Poesie Nansie's the rudimental germ from which the whole sprang, with different degrees, no doubt, of decency and politeness, but little that was fundamentally greater. The ploughmen were like the beggars, and the writers like the ploughmen, and the lords and philosophers like the writers; and nowhere were there any demi-gods, any Society, high-seated on the topmost rank of humanity, such as Olympus might have stooped to, such as a man might be proud to rise to. For such a society a poet might have born even to be patronized; but he had learned that it was not to be found.

Thus there was no illusion in the eyes with which he looked out, gentle but stern, upon society in Edinburgh. Already he had found that siren out, and she could no longer delude, no more excite him. This painful enlightenment is visible through all that follows. He is never enthusiastic, never carried away, always on his guard. He does not plunge into the new world with a neophyte's generous all-belief and foolish admiration, but approaches it gravely, holding his peasant head high, penetrated by the discovery that one rank is no better than another, and that one monotonous line of limitation is to be found in all. Had he been transported out of himself, dazzled by his new associations, it would have been more natural, and, perhaps, notwithstanding all that must have followed, it might have been better for him. But the wonder remarked by all was that Burns was never dazzled. He held his head perhaps even a little rigid in his sad determination not to be again deceived, seeing with clear eyes, through all the homage paid him, that delicate insolence of wonder that the ploughman should hold his own so calmly — that softest, kindest consciousness of his inferiority which ran beneath all the sparkling stream of admiration and adulation. The Ayrshire Ploughman! — he was so distinguished in print and in talk, delicately labelled in society, so that no man might fail to perceive what special claims he had on the forbearance of the gentlefolks; but it was disappointing to them to find no need for forbearance. Never was a more

curious scene. His patrons described him, discussed him, wondered at him, without quite perceiving — though some of them, we think, had an uneasy consciousness of it — that he saw through them all, and had fuller command of the position than they had. But, we repeat, it would probably have been better for him had he been without that painful enlightenment, had he been able to throw himself into the new world with enthusiasm, to be dazzled and have his head turned. The awakening, no doubt, would have been bitter, but still he would have had the sweeter flavour of the best kind of social condescending adulation, instead of the worst kind, which he had once received with enthusiasm and the tasting of which had made him as the gods, seeing good and evil. But that was past praying for. And Burns passed through this Edinburgh chapter without either good or harm to speak of, wondered at, gazed at, applauded, considered everywhere the first of miracles and lions; but like a man in a strange country, holding himself separate and apart, with an almost coldness quite foreign to his nature. Among women the case was otherwise. He is said to have made the somewhat curious remark, that whereas he had met with men in his own class as wise, as excellent, as thoughtful and high-minded as any he had met in the higher circles, yet that an accomplished woman was a being altogether new to him. We have doubts whether Burns ever said, or saying, meant this. But such an idea is not necessary to explain his greater enthusiasm and warmth among ladies. Notwithstanding all his rustic adventures, it is clear that a certain chivalry of feeling towards women existed in him always and the gentle condescension of a lady had nothing unpalatable in it to so manly a man. Is not every woman every man's superior by the gentle laws of chivalry, and that visionary courtesy which is at once the root and the finest blossom of good manners? It takes nothing from a man's manhood to defer to a woman, to accept whatever grace she gives as if it came from an eminence of nature, to assume a certain noble inferiority. This it is, perhaps, which makes such a man always more at his ease, always seen to better advantage, and even almost always better understood, by the women socially superior to him than by the men.

On the whole, however, Burns made more impression on Edinburgh than Edinburgh made on Burns. The witty city, so full of intellect and so conscious of her

powers, was startled by this strange apparition. She grew serious and silent, and stared with a deeper meaning than generally animates the stare even of an intellectual crowd, at this man who refused to have his head turned. He talked with the best of her conversationalists, had opinions, extraordinary to say about everything, and was neither proud nor ashamed of the fact that he was an Ayrshire ploughman. Strange, unintelligible, puzzling apparition! He came and went, and disappeared and was seen no more; and Edinburgh, which had received something of a shock from this peasant Mordecai, who gazed at her pageants in silence, and would not applaud, took a little comfort in whispering stories about him — how he had friends, Ayrshire tradesfolk and the like, in humble streets, who were more congenial society for him than the wits and the gentlemen; and how he caroused in these unknown haunts, and spent his time in drinking, and was of anything but a satisfactory character. This was a kind of comfort — though she shook her head and professed to be very sorry — to the injured complacency of the intellectual city.

The most charming reminiscence which dwells in our minds of this Edinburgh visit may be found in Dugald Stewart's description of the poet. "I recollect once he told me," says the Professor, "when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth they contained." These dozen words, falling upon us all at once, surprise the tears to our eyes. What loyalty, what tender thoughtfulness, what faithful love of his own, breathe out of them! The wise men had been praying him, almost on their knees, to write a tragedy, to abandon the Scottish tongue — a barbarous dialect, which kept him in bondage — and to become a correct and refined English poet. And Burns, one can fancy, with a smile on his lips, had played with the idea, perhaps sincerely by moments, with a touch of gratified vanity at the notion that all styles were possible to him — for we find him talking vaguely and finely of the advantage it is to a poet to be able to study life in its full tide; and he went so far as to buy a note-book (never used, heaven be praised!) "to take down his remarks on the spot" of the different new characters he saw. But when he went out beyond the streets, with their

studies of character, and saw the hills of Braid rising soft into the morning sunshine, and the smoke floating upward from the cottages, a sudden sweet revulsion came to him. His mission and true work returned like a dove fluttering from the west, where his heart was. Heaven keep the cottage smokes, the homely firesides, the plodding, silent folk within! These were the scenes that he knew, the worth and the happiness which he alone of all Scottish men understood and could expound, so that all the world might understand. One loves to believe that at that moment, with so fair a scene before him, Burns touched ground again after his town-spent winter, and bethought himself of the true and only life which awaited him among his pleasant holms and fields.

When he left Edinburgh he roamed through Scotland for a short time, penetrating to the edge of the Highlands with almost the temerity of a voyager in an unknown country; for the Highlands then were closed with double barriers, Walter Scott being as yet but a long-headed boy in Edinburgh, whose pulses had tingled down to the very finger-tips with gratification at a word from the older poet on their one encounter. After this he went to Mossgiel, but only for a few days, to find all the country-side wondering over him, and to feel such a visionary sentiment of disgust as was naturally to be looked for in the circumstances, at the extraordinary difference between the sentiments of that little world when he left it in disgrace and when he returned to it in honour. Then he went off again, unsettled and scarcely happy notwithstanding his fame, with some money in his pocket but little comfort in his heart. He wandered across the Border, he went back to Edinburgh, he looked wistfully about him, wondering, perhaps, how it was that none of his many admirers made any attempt to help him to a reasonable new beginning of the thread of life. There was some vague idea of a farm on the estate of Dalswinton, near Dumfries; and then came the suggestion of the Excise, a notion which had already crossed his mind. To Burns the post of an exciseman seemed in no way derogatory. It was his own idea steadily pursued for some time, and which he was very glad and thankful to succeed in at last. And perhaps it was as good a thing as could have been done for him; although, after all the assaults upon, and all the excuses that have been made for, his fine friends, the wonder remains why

no one of them tried at least to find a more worthy position for the poet. We do not desire to join in any foolish clamour on the inappropriateness of his occupation. He himself did not consider it inappropriate, which, after all, is the grand test. But how it happened that none of these well-off people had the bowels to ask what he meant to do, or to help him in doing something, is a mystery beyond our power of solving. After all, he had to ask for the interest which got him even his humble appointment. Edinburgh did not take so much trouble as that. And he got £500, or, as some say, £600, for his poems, a great fortune, which, with sundry other circumstances, determined his course at once. In May 1788 he went home, married Jean Armour, and took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries. Jean seems to have made a good and true wife, and the country-side was charitable, and she was not of the class which is "called upon," or expects to receive public recognition by society. But still the circumstances of this new beginning were little likely to encourage a man who had now become sensitive to the opinions of a different class, and who had gained some knowledge of the way in which such matters are regarded elsewhere.

Burns remained in Ellisland three years, and our space requires that we should pass these years over briefly. Things went well with him at first, but notwithstanding his excellence in individual labour, it seems very doubtful whether he was ever a good farmer; and the new household was large and wasteful, and wanted regulation, which his wife, "sair hadden down by sma' family," was not able to give. And perhaps he wearied of the monotony of his work — perhaps felt the fatal restlessness of one who has tasted ease, and is aware of the bitter difference between his own lot and that of others. He had felt this even in his youth; but now he had no longer the easy content and hopefulness of youth, though its vigour, its impatience, its thirst for happiness, still existed in full force within him. And now he was settled, wedded, fixed by fate, with change no longer possible — a fact which of itself has often a startling effect upon the mind. Much can be borne when it is possible to look forward even to the chance of something better. But here no change could be. Before long he sought active work as an exciseman, and soon was galloping about the country, over a wide district, finding, no doubt, refreshment in the variety; but cutting off his last hope of

success as a farmer. On the whole, probably, the life suited him very well. He had a great deal of riding—as much as two hundred miles in a week, some one says; and wherever he went, every door of rich and poor flew open to the poet. He must have had actual enjoyment of his popularity, such as falls to the lot of few writers, in these wanderings over the country. The very face of that pleasant land brightened with smiles to see him. In the farm and the cottage as well as in the hall, he was received with enthusiasm. Now and then he could do a kindness which gratified his good heart, and increased his popularity. No doubt he liked it well enough. And yet by times there would come over him a dreary thought of better things which might have been. He encouraged himself in his career with words which would seem but an ostentatious brag of his devotion to his duty if they did not mean something deeper. Thus, when he laments over his office of gauging auld wives' barrels, he ends with a recollection of its needfulness:—

“Thae moving things ca’ed wife and weans
Would move the very heart of stanes.”

And he repeats the sentiment so often, that it would weary and almost disgust the reader, but for something infinitely sad and sorrowful which lies below:—

“To make a happy fireside chime
To bairns and wife,
That’s the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

How often does he say it!—reminding himself of what he had to think of, of what he must work for—with pathetic reiteration. No; he would not allow himself to forget them, would not permit all these substantial reasons for living and working, and holding by his existence, to fade out of his mind. But that September night, when his anxious wife followed him out to the barnyard, and found him “striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry,” what thoughts of the might-have-been were those which were surging up gloomily and sadly into the poet’s mind? The wife went in, hoping he would follow; but, coming out again, fearing that his cold would get worse by this exposure, found him lying “on a heap of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet which shone like another moon.” Those poet eyes that glowed and dilated through the dew of unshed tears, what were they gazing at? A star, and the sweet image,

maiden-pure, of his Mary dead; and who can tell what dead hopes, what schemes untold, what better life that might have been? Not a word of these could he say, in honour and justice, to the woman by his side, who stood and begged and importuned, no doubt, that he would not lie there and get his death of cold. He went in instead and wrote to a confidante who would not betray him—to Mary in heaven. And how tender, how wistful and longing, are those lovely lines! How clear before him, in that wintery-autumnal night, with early frost in the air making all the stars glow and glitter, rises the never-to-be-forgotten summer day, when—

“Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O’erhung with wild woods, thickening green;”

and flowers and birds mingled their sweet existence in the lovers’ meeting! Can he ever forget that sacred hour? His heart swells, and idle tears come to his eyes as the good housewife bustles round him; and life, with its fireside comfort and unescapable reality, embraces and binds him in a hundred chains. Perhaps the dead Mary was no wiser, no loftier, than good-humoured forbearing Jean; but with her the life of dreams and imagination, the life that might have been, had departed. Where was their place of rest?

Nothing can be more touching than the silent, inexpressible pathos of this scene. Like a man of honour, he said nothing to his wife about it, nor indeed to any other mortal. And not even to his celestial confidante does he unbosom the heaviness of the dragging chain, and that sense of deadly weight and oppression which comes upon a man when fate closes round him, and he feels that nothing can better him, nothing make his future different from the past. His anguish breaks from him in the only way that was lawful and honourable to such a man, in such a way that even a jealous woman could scarcely take offence; and Jean does not seem to have been jealous, or anything but a good, easy, sweet-tempered soul. But what worlds of suggestion breathed out of that passionate remembrance, that sacred and unforgotten grief!

Professor Wilson treats this period of Burns’s life, as his defender and champion is sufficiently justified in treating it; and with a dazzling play of special pleading almost succeeds in proving to his bewildered reader that the life of his poet, then as at all other times, was perfectly successful, spotless, and splendid. We fear, however, that this theory will not stand against

the concurring evidence of all his biographers. His life was full of temptation, full of opportunity for those convivial enjoyments which were not only counted excusable by the temper of the time, but gloried in by all whose heads were strong enough to indulge in them without ruin. And to ourselves it appears little wonder that a man to whom such unbounded hopes had once opened up, and to whom such moderate realization of hope had come—who felt himself fatally distanced in the race, and whose heart had failed him along with his hopes—to us it is little wonder that he fell into greater and greater indulgence in that easy way of forgetfulness. He had failed even as a farmer, and he had failed in finding any higher standing-ground; but in every tavern, and at every uproarious table where he chanced to find himself, there was oblivion, there was honour and admiration and enthusiastic homage. He might be but a hard-riding gauger in the morning, but at night he was a king. And of all things in the world to be kept in lawful and moderate bounds, this habit is the most difficult. To “fetter flames with silken band” is an enterprise as easy. There seems no doubt that the entire countryside, great and small, abetted and encouraged Burns thus to forget his sorrows—until the moment came when the more prudent persons in it perceived that the excitement of his life was becoming too intense, and the race towards some precipice of downfall more headlong than could be encouraged any longer. Then they stopped short in their invitations “for his good,” and advised him for his good, and became exhortatory and full of admonitions. It is very likely that the poet took it badly—and with reason enough. For no man had so befriended him, so helped him in his difficult way, as to have the right of exhortation. They had invited him to their houses, so long as his visit was an honour—they had fêted him, so long as fêting Burns was a distinction to themselves; and now what right had they to stop short and advise? So he quarrelled with some hotly, and with others coldly, feeling a mist of separation grow between him and many whom he had held in warm esteem: and the countryside gathered itself away from him and stood by, with that stillness and awful interest which marks the spectators of every desperate tragedy, to see how long the headlong race would last, and how soon the catastrophe would come.

The race did not last long. In 1791 he

gave up his farm at Ellisland, and removed into a small house at Dumfries. There he lived five years—and died. Through all this time he was, to use a homely phrase, burning the candle at both ends. He rode fast and far, and attended diligently to all the duties of his vocation. He poured forth floods of songs—songs full of passion and fervour—and which were not mere creations of the brain, but commemorated—in warmer terms than was probably called for by one out of fifty of these relationships—an amount of agreeable intercourse with his fellow-creatures which must have occupied no small portion of his time. He wrote numerous letters; he entered warmly, sometimes too warmly, into politics; he often spent half the night after this active employment of the day in merry companies, of which he was the inspiration, and where his talk was more fascinating than the wine—or, to speak more truly, if less poetically, the toddy—which flowed freely enough all the same. And into all these multifarious occupations he rushed with the impetuosity and unity of his nature, doing nothing by halves. He threw himself into Thomson’s book of Songs with zeal as great as if it had been the only work he had in hand; and withal, neither pleasure nor poetry prevented him from doing his work as an exciseman with the most punctilious exactitude. And Thomson accepted the songs, and was easily, very easily convinced that the author wanted no remuneration; and all the gentleman who had known him, and did know him, and to some of whom even he had told his hopes and wishes, stood by, not even helping him on to be a supervisor, the most modest bit of promotion. His hope was that he might, on securing this step, have been eligible for the post of collector, which was well paid, and would have given him abundant leisure for literary work. We do not remember whether this easy possibility of improving his position has been much dwelt on by his biographers; but the neglect of it is a much more serious sin to be charged against the Dumfriesshire gentry than the original offence of giving him an exciseman’s place, which has been thrown in their teeth so often. A little trouble, a little steady backing from one or two influential persons, might have easily raised Burns to this modest eminence, and given him all his heart desired. But this backing no one gave. It would seem incredible were it not very far from a solitary instance of such strange carelessness. Were it to be done over again, no doubt the

same would happen. The patrons were ready to give a fluctuating hospitality and good advice, and a subscription for a book, or even a little money in genteel alms, would he have accepted it; but to take the trouble to hoist him gently on in the way chosen by himself, that is what they would not do.

Meanwhile he did his humble work with less and less hope, and tried his best to get such good as was possible out of the dregs of his broken life. Much gentle and kind domestic virtue lingered about him to the end, notwithstanding all his vagaries. He would help his boys to learn their lessons, and read poetry with them, directing their childish taste; and for years there might be seen of an afternoon by any chance passer-by, in a little back street in Dumfries, through the ever-open door, one of the greatest of British poets, sitting reading, with half-a-dozen noisy children about, and their mother busy with a housewife's ordinary labour. This, we say, was visible to everybody who chanced to pass that way; and the days ran on quietly, and the world grew used to the sight, and it never seems to have occurred to any one how many blockheads had comfortable libraries to moulder in, while this man — sole of his race in Scotland, and almost in the kingdom, for Wordsworth and Coleridge were still little more than boys — had neither quiet nor retirement possible. With an inconceivable passive quiet the good people went and came, and took it as the course of nature. A little later they were proud of having seen it; in the meantime it moved them not an inch. Neither would it now, were it all to be done over again.

There is one pathetic scene still, which appears to us out of the mists before death and peace come to end all. Professor Wilson rejects the story with that scornful laughter which is shrill with coming tears. But we see no reason to reject it. On the contrary, all the internal evidence is in its favour. The story is told by a young country gentleman, who rode into Dumfries on a fine summer evening, to attend a ball, and saw Burns walking by himself down the side of the street, while various county people, drawn together by the evening's entertainment, were shopping or walking on the other.

"The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to him to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizel Baillie's pathetic ballad: —

" 'His bonnet stood ance fa' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's
new,

But now he lets't wear any way it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upon the corn hing.

Oh were we young, as we ance hae been,
We suld have been galloping down on yon green.
And linking it ower the lily-white lea,
And werena my heart licht I would dee.' "

It seems impossible to conceive that such a story could have been invented. To show that his forlorn heart was still "light," God help him! Burns took the young man home and made him merry. What words these are! and with what unspeakable meaning they must have fallen from the poet's lips. Sad courage, endurance, gaiety, and profound untellable despair — not any great outburst, but an almost tranquil ordinary state of mind. "Werena my heart licht I would dee" — it is the sentiment of all his concluding years.

And thus he died — thirty-seven years old — worn out. His old terror of a jail came over him again like a spectre at the end, but he died owing no man anything, stern in his independence to the last. Of course his friends in Dumfries would not have allowed him to go to jail for five or ten pounds, Mr. Lockhart says. And we answer No, of course they would not — they dared not. But nobody came forward to say, Here is my purse. Nobody even attempted to pay his poor little seaside lodging for him, as Professor Wilson remarks, or to lift a single obstacle out of his way. It was easy to say that he was proud, and would accept help from no one; and no one, so far as we can see, ever attempted, with generous comprehension of a generous pride, to chase these scruples away.

He died cheerfully and manfully like a Christian; though with his heart rent asunder by fears for the helpless children whom he was leaving behind him. And the moment he was dead his friends came and buried him: and red-coated splendours lined the streets, and a certain noble officer who would not in his lifetime permit the gauger to be introduced to him, played mourner to the dead poet. Strange satire, enough to tempt devils to laughter, but men to very different feelings. And while there was scarce a meal left in the penniless house the bells tolled and the shops were closed, and a great procession swept through the streets, and volleys were fired over the grave of him who had been carried out of that home of poverty. What a change all in a moment! — because he was dead, and neglect or honour, help or desertion, could effect him nevermore.

But let us add that the true Scotland, for which he lived and sang, never slighted and never has forgotten her poet. She gave him an education such as a prince might have been glad of, and many a delightful hour by Ayr and Nith, and in the breezy wholesome fields. And so long as he was in her safe keeping he was happy, and strong, and spotless, a very model of poetic life and joy and freedom. She has given him a grave besides, and many a tear which would have kept it green, but for the senseless blocks of stone with which it has been heaped over. And wherever the common people from whom he sprang, whom he loved and understood and made known to the world — wherever they meet they sing his songs, they speak his language, they hold his name dear. It is all they ever could do for him. And the others — built his monument. It was late, but it was handsome, or so at least the taste of the time thought. And what more would a Poet have?

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK. AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

QUEEN TITANIA AFLOAT.

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?"

At length we hit upon one thing that Count von Rosen could not do. When we had wandered down to the side of the Thames, just by Maidenhead Bridge, and opposite the fine old houses, and smooth lawns, and green banks that stand on the other margin of the broad and shallow river, we discovered that the Lieutenant was of no use in a boat. And so, as the young folks would have us go up under the shadows of the leafy hills of Cliefden, there was nothing for it but that Tita and I should resort to the habits of earlier years, and show a later generation how to feather an oar with skill and dexterity. As Queen Titania stood by the boat-house, pulling off her gloves with economic forethought, and looking rather pensively at the landing-place and the boats and the water, she suddenly said —

"Is not this like long ago?"

"You talk like an old woman, Tita," says one of the party. "And yet your eyes are as pretty as they were a dozen years ago, when you used to walk along the beach at Eastbourne, and cry because you were afraid of becoming the mistress of a house. And now the house has been too much for you; and you are full of confused facts, and unintelligible figures, and petty anxieties, until your responsibilities have hidden away the old tenderness of your look, except at such a moment as this when you forget yourself. Tita, do you remember who pricked her finger to sign a document in her own blood, when she was only a school-girl, and who produced it years afterwards with something of a shamefaced pride?"

"Stuff!" says Tita, angrily, but blushing dreadfully all the same; and so, with a frown and an imperious manner, she stepped down to the margin of the river.

Now mark this circumstance. In the old days of which my Lady was then thinking, she used to be very well content with pulling bow-oar when we two used to go out in the evenings. Now, when the Lieutenant and Bell had been comfortably placed in the stern, Tita daintily stepped into the boat and sat down quite naturally to pull stroke. She made no apology. She took the place as if it were hers by right. Such are the changes which a few years of married life produce,

So Bell pulled the white tiller-ropes over her shoulder, and we glided out and up the glassy stream, into that world of greenness and soft sounds and sweet odours that lay all around. Already something of Bell's prophecy was likely to come true; for the clouds were perceptibly growing thinner overhead, and a diffused yellow light falling from no particular place seemed to dwell over the hanging woods of Cliefden. It gave a new look, too, to the smooth river, to the rounded elms and tall poplars on the banks and the long aits beyond the bridge, where the swans were sailing close in by the reeds.

We had got but a short way up the river when our coxswain, without a word of warning, shot us into a half-submerged forest that seemed to hide from us a lake on the other side. Tita had so little time to ship her oar that no protest was possible; and then the Lieutenant catching hold of the branches pulled us through the narrow channel, and lo! we were in a still

piece of water, with a smooth curve of the river-bank on one side and a long island on the other, and with a pretty little house looking quietly down at us over this inland sea. We were still in the Thames; but this house seemed so entirely to have become owner of the charming landscape around and its stretch of water in front, that Bell asked in a hurry how we could get away. Tita, being still a little indignant answered not, but put her oar into the outrigger again, and commenced pulling. And then our coxswain, who was not so familiar with the tricks of the Thames at Maidenhead as some of us, discovered a north-west passage by which it was possible to return into the main channel of the stream, and we continued our voyage.

When, at length, we had got past the picturesque old mill, and reached the sea of tumbling white water that came rushing down from the weir, it seemed as though the sky had entered into a compact with Bell to fulfil her predictions. For as we lay and rocked in the surge — watching the long level line of foam come tumbling over in spouts, and jets, and white masses, listening to the roar of the fall, and regarding the swirling circles of white bells that swept away downward on the stream — there appeared in the west, just over the line of the weir, a parallel line of dark blood-red. It was but a streak as yet; but presently it widened and grew more intense — a great glow of crimson colour came shining forth — and it seemed as if all the western heavens, just over that line of white foam, were becoming a mass of fire. Bell's transformation-scene was positively blinding; and the bewilderment of the splendid colours was not lessened by the roar of the tumbling river, that seemed strangely wild in the stillness of the evening.

But when we turned to drop quietly down stream, the scene around was so lovely that Queen Titania had no heart to pull away from it. For now the hanging woods of beach and birch and oak had caught a glow of the sunset along their masses of yellow and green, and the broad stream had the purple of its glassy sweeps dashed here and there with red, and in the far east a reflected tinge of pink mingled with the cold green, and lay soft and pure and clear over the low woods, and the river, and the bridge. As if by magic, the world had grown suddenly light, ethereal, and full of beautiful colours; and the clouds that still remained overhead had parted into long cirrhus lines, with

pearly edges, and a touch of scarlet and gold along their western side.

"What a drive we shall have this evening!" cried Bell. "It will be a clear night when we get to Henley, and there will be stars over the river, and perhaps a moon, who knows?"

"I thought you would have provided a moon, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, gravely. "You have done very well for us this evening — oh! very well indeed. I have not seen any such beautiful picture for many years. You did very well to keep a dark day all day, and make us tired of cold colours and green trees; and then you surprise us by this picture of magic — oh! it is very well done."

"All that it wants," said Bell, with a critical eye, "is a little woman in a scarlet shawl under the trees there, and over the green of the rushes — one of those nice fat little women who always wear bright shawls just to please landscape-painters — making a little blob of strong colour, you know, just like a ladybird among green moss. Do you know, I am quite grateful to a pleasant little countrywoman when she dresses herself ridiculously merely to make a landscape look fine; and how can you laugh at her when she comes near? I sometimes think that she wears those colours, especially those in her bonnet, out of mere modesty. She does not know what will please you — she puts in a little of everything to give you a choice. She holds up to you a whole bouquet of flowers, and says, 'Please, miss, do you like blue? — for here is corn-cockle; or red? — for here are poppies; or yellow? — for here are rock-roses.' She is like Perdita, you know, going about with an armful of blossoms, and giving to everyone what she thinks will please them."

"My dear," said Tita, "you are too generous; I am afraid the woman wears those things out of vanity. She does not know what colour suits her complexion best, and so wears a variety, quite sure that one of them must be the right one. And there are plenty of women in town, as well as in the country, who do that too."

"I hope you don't mean me," said Bell, contritely, as she leant her arm over the side of the boat, and dipped the tips of her fingers into the glassy stream.

But if we were to get to Henley that night, there was no time for lingering longer about that bend by the river, with its islands, and mills and woods. That great burst of colour in the west had been the expiring effort of the sun; and when we got back to the inn, there was nothing

left in the sky but the last golden and crimson traces of his going down. The river was becoming grey, and the Cliefden woods were preparing for the night by drawing over themselves a thin veil of mist, which rendered them distant and shadowy, as they lay under the lambent sky.

The phaeton was at the door; our bill paid; an extra shawl got out of the Imperial — although, in that operation, the Lieutenant nearly succeeded in smashing Bell's guitar.

"It will be dark before we get to Henley," says Tita.

"Yes," I answer obediently.

"And we are going now by cross-roads," she remarks.

"The road is a very good one," I venture to reply.

"But still it is a cross-road," she says.

"Very well, then, my dear," I say, wondering what the little woman is after.

"You must drive," she continues, "for none of us know the road."

"Yes, m'm, please m'm: any more orders?"

"Oh, Bell," says my Lady, with a gracious air (she can change the expression of her face in a second), "would you mind taking Count von Rosen under your charge until we get to Henley? I am afraid it will take both of us to find the road in the dark."

"No, I will take you under my charge, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, frankly, and therewith he helped Bell into the phaeton, and followed himself.

The consequence of this little arrangement was that while Tita and I were in front, the young folks were behind; and no sooner had we started from the inn, got across the bridge, and were going down the road towards the village of Maidenhead proper, than Titania says, in a very low voice —

"Do you know, my dear, our pulling together in that boat quite brought back old times; and — and — and I wanted to be sitting up here beside you for a while, just to recall the old, old drives we used to have, you know, about here, and Henley, and Reading. How long ago is it, do you think?"

That wife of mine is a wonderful creature. You would have thought she was as innocent as a lamb when she uttered these words, looking up with a world of sincerity and pathos in the big, clear, earnest brown eyes. And the courage of the small creature, too, who thought she could deceive her husband by this open, transparent, audacious piece of hypocrisy!

"Madam," I said, with some care that the young folks should not overhear, "your tenderness overwhelms me."

"What do you mean?" she says, suddenly becoming as cold and as rigid as Lot's wife after the accident happened.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "you would like to have the hood up, and so leave them quite alone? Our presence must be very embarrassing."

"You are insulting Bell in saying such things," she says warmly, "or perhaps it is that you would rather have her for a companion than your own wife."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would."

"She shall not sit by the Lieutenant again."

"I hope you don't mean to strangle her. We should arrive in Edinburgh in a sort of unicorn-fashion."

Tita relapsed into a dignified silence — that is always the way with her when she has been found out; but she was probably satisfied by hearing the Count and Bell chatting very briskly together, thus testifying to the success of her petty stratagem.

It was a pleasant drive, on that quiet evening, from Maidenhead across the wild, untenanted country that lies within the great curve of the Thames. Instead of turning off at the corner of Stubbing's Heath, and so getting into the road that runs by Hurley Bottom, we held straight on towards Wargrave, so as to have the last part of the journey lead us up by the side of the river. So still it was! The road led through undulating stretches of common and past the edges of silent woods, while the sky was becoming pale and beautiful overhead, and the heights on the northern horizon — between Cookham and Hurley — were growing more and more visionary in the dusk. Sometimes, but rarely, we met a solitary wanderer coming along through the twilight, and a gruff "good-night" greeted us; but for the most part there seemed no life in this lonely part of the country, where rabbits ran across the road in front of us, and the last rooks that flew by in the dusk seemed hastening on to the neighbourhood of some distant village. It was a mild, fresh evening, with the air still damp and odorous after the rain; but overhead the sky still remained clear, and here and there, in the partings of the thin cloud, a pale star or planet had become faintly visible.

At last we got down into the village of Wargrave, and then it was nearly dark. There were a few people, mostly women, standing at the doors of the cottages; and

here and there a ray of yellow light gleamed out from a small window. As we struck into the road that runs parallel with the Thames, there were men coming home from their work; and their talk was heard at a great distance in the stillness of the night.

"How far are we from Henley?" said Bell.

"Are you anxious to get there?" replied Queen Titania, smiling quite benignly.

"No," said Bell, "this is so pleasant that I should like to go driving on until midnight, and we could see the moon coming through the trees."

"You have to consider the horses," said the Lieutenant bluntly. "If you do tire them too much on the first days, they will not go so long a journey. But yet we are some way off, I suppose; and if mademoiselle will sing something for us, I will get out the guitar."

"You'd better get down and light the lamps, rather," I remark to those indolent young people; whereupon the Count was instantly in the road, striking wax matches, and making use of curious expressions that seemed chiefly to consist of *g's* and *r's*.

So, with the lamps flaring down the dark road, we rolled along the highway that here skirts the side of a series of heights looking down into the Thames. Sometimes we could see a grey glimmer of the river beneath us through the trees; at other times the road took us down close to the side of the water, and Castor got an opportunity of making a playful little shy or two; but for the most part we drove through dense woods, that completely shut off the starlight overhead.

More than once, indeed, we came to a steep descent that was buried in such total darkness that the Lieutenant jumped down and took the horses' heads, lest some unlucky step or stumble should throw us into the river. So far as we could make out, however, there was a sufficient wall on the side of the highway next the stream—a rough old wall, covered with plants and moss, that ran along the high and wooded bank.

Suddenly Bell uttered a cry of delight. We had come to a cleft in the glade which showed us the river running by some sixty feet beneath us, and on the surface of the water the young crescent of the moon was clearly mirrored. There was not enough moonlight to pierce the trees, or even to drown the pale light of the stars; but the sharp disc of silver, as it glimmered on the water, was sufficiently beau-

tiful, and contained in itself the promise of many a lovely night.

"It has begun the journey with us," said Bell. "It is a young moon; it will go with us all the month; and we shall see it on the Severn, and on Windermere, and on the Solway, and on the Tweed. Didn't I promise you all a moon, sooner or later? And there it is!"

"It does not do us much good, Bell," said the driver, ruefully, the very horses seeming afraid to plunge into the gulfs of darkness that were spectrally peered into by the light of the lamps.

"The moon is not for use," said Bell, "it is for magic; and once we have got to Henley, and put the horses up, and gone out again to the river, you shall all stand back, and watch in a corner, and let Queen Titania go forward to summon the fairies. And as you listen in the dark, you will hear a little crackling and rustling along the opposite shore, and you will see small blue lights come out from the banks, and small boats, with a glowworm at their prow, come out into the stream. And then from the boats, and from all the fields near—where the mist of the river lies at night—you will see wonderful small men and women of radiant blue flame come forward, and there will be a strange sound like music in the trees, and the river itself will begin to say, in a kind of laugh, '*Titania, Titania! you have been so long away—years and years—looking after servants, and the schooling of boys, and the temper of a fractious husband—*'"

"Bell, you are impertinent."

"There are true words spoken in jest, sometimes," says Tita, with a dainty malice.

"Your bearing-rein in England is a cruelty to the horse—you must take it away to-morrow," said the Lieutenant; and this continuation of a practical subject recalled these scapegraces from their jibes.

Here the road took us down by a gradual dip to the river again, and for the last mile before reaching our destination we had a pleasant and rapid run along the side of the stream. Then the lights of Henley were seen to glimmer before us; we crossed over the bridge, and swerving round to the right drove into the archway of the "Red Lion."

"No, Sir," remarked Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, we are told, Shenstone's lines—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

And Mr. Boswell goes on to say: "We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley, where Shenstone wrote these lines." Now, surely, if ever belated travellers had reason to expect a cordial welcome, it was we four as we drove into the famous hostelry which had awakened enthusiasm in the poets and lexicographers of bygone days. But as Castor and Polux stood under the archway, looking into the great dark yard before them, and as we gazed round in vain for the appearance of any waiter or other official, it occurred to Tita that the Bell Inn must have changed hands since Shenstone's time. Where was our comfortable welcome? A bewildered maid-servant came out to stare at our phaeton with some alarm. Plaintive howls for the ostler produced a lad from the darkness of the stables, who told us that the ostler was away somewhere. Another maid-servant came out, and also looked alarmed. The present writer, fearing that Tony Lumpkin, transformed into an invisible spirit, had played him a trick, humbly begged this young woman to say whether he had driven by mistake into a private house. The young person looked afraid.

"My good girl," says Tita, with a gracious condescension, "will you tell us if this is the Bell Inn?"

"Yes, 'm; of course, 'm?"

"And can we stay here to-night?"

"I'll bring the waiter, ma'am, directly."

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had got down, and was fuming about the yard to rout out the ostler's assistants, or some people who could put up the horses. He managed to unearth no fewer than three men, whom he brought in a gang. He was evidently determined not to form his grooming of the horses at Twickenham into a precedent.

At last there came a waiter, looking rather sleepy and a trifle helpless; whereupon my Lady and Bell departed into the inn, and left the luggage to be sent after them. There appeared to be no one inside the house. The gases were lit in the spacious coffee-room; some rugs and bags were brought in and placed on the tables; and then Tita and her companion, not daring to remove their bonnets, sat down in arm-chairs and stared at each other.

"I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
But risk a ten times worse fate
In choosing lodgings at an inn;"

—this was what Bell repeated, in a gentle voice, on the very spot that is sacred to the memory of Shenstone's satisfaction.

I requested the young man in the white tie to assign some reason for this state of affairs; and his answer was immediately forthcoming. There had been a regatta a few days before. The excitement in the small town, and more especially in the Bell, had been dreadful. Now a reaction had set in; Henley and the Bell were alike deserted; and we were the victims of a collapse. I complimented the waiter on his philosophical acumen, and went out to see what had befallen Count von Rosen and the horses.

I found him standing in a stable that was dimly lighted by a solitary candle stuck against the wall, superintending the somewhat amateurish operations of the man who had undertaken to supply the ostler's place. The Lieutenant had evidently not been hectoring his companions; on the contrary, he was on rather good terms with them, and was making inquiries about the familiar English names for chopped hay and other luxuries of the stable. He was examining the corn, too, and pronouncing opinion on the split beans which he had ordered. On the whole, he was pleased with the place; although he expressed surprise that the ostler of so big an inn should be absent.

When, at length, we had seen each of the horses supplied with an ample feed, fresh straw, and plenty of hay, the men were turned out and the stable-door locked. He allowed them on this occasion to retain the key. As we crossed the yard, a rotund, frank, cheery-looking man appeared, who was presumably the ostler. He made a remark or two; but the night-air was chill.

"Now," said Von Rosen, when we got into the big parlour, "we have to make ourselves pleasant and comfortable. I do think we must all drink whisky. For myself I do not like the taste very much; but it looks very comfortable to see some people with steaming glasses before them. And I have brought out mademoiselle's guitar, and she will sing us some songs."

"But you must also," says Bell looking down.

"Oh, a hundred! a thousand! as many as you like!" he said; and then, with a sort of sigh, he took his cigar-case out of his pocket and laid it pathetically on the mantelpiece. There was an air of renunciation in his face. Forthwith he rang the bell; and the waiter was asked to bring us certain liquors which, although

not exclusively whisky, could be drunk in those steaming tumblers which the Lieutenant loved to see.

"O, come you from Newcastle?"

—this was what Bell sang, with the blue ribbon of her guitar slung round her neck:

"O, come you from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
And did you meet my true love,
Riding on a bonny bay?"

And as she sang, with her eyes cast down, the Lieutenant seemed to be regarding her face with a peculiar interest. He forgot to lift the hot tumbler that was opposite him on the table—he had even forgotten Tita's gracious permission that he might have a cigar—he was listening and gazing merely, in a blank silence. And when she had finished he eagerly begged her to sing another of the old English songs. And she sang—

"O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low."

And when she had finished, he once more eagerly begged her to sing another of those old songs; and then, all of a sudden, catching sight of a smile on my Lady's face, he stopped, and apologized, and blushed rather, and said it was too bad—that he had forgotten, and would himself try something on the guitar.

When, at length, the women had gone upstairs, he fetched down his cigar from the mantelpiece, lit it, stretched out his long legs, and said—

"How very English she is!"

"She? who?"

"Why, your Miss Bell. I do like to hear her talk of England as if she had a pride in it, and mention the names of towns as if she loved them because they were English, and speak of the fairies and stories as if she was familiar with them because they belong to her own country. You can see how she is fond of everything that is like old times,—an old house, an old mile-stone, an old bridge,—everything that is peculiar and old and English. And then she sings, oh! so very well—so very well indeed; and these old songs, about English places and English customs of village-life, they seem to suit her very well, and you think she herself is the heroine of them. But as for that young man in Twickenham, he is a very pitiful fellow."

"How have you suddenly come to that

conclusion?" I inquire of our Lieutenant, who is lazily letting the cigar-smoke curl about his moustache and beard as he lies back, and fixes his light blue eyes contemplatively on the ceiling.

"How do I know? I do not know: I think so. He ought to be very well satisfied of knowing a young lady like that—and very proud of going to marry her—instead of annoying her with bad tempers."

"That is true. A young man under such circumstances cannot be too grateful or too amiable. They are not always so, however. You yourself for example, when you parted from Fräulein Fallersleben—"

Here the Lieutenant jumped up in his chair, and said, with an unnecessary vehemence—

"Donnerwetter! look at the provocation I had! It was not my ill-temper; I am not more ill-tempered than other men: but when you know you mean very well, and that you treat a woman as perhaps not all men would be inclined to do in the same case, and she is a hypocrite, and she pretends much, and at the same time she is writing to you, she is—pfiu! I cannot speak of it!"

"You were very fond of her."

"Worse luck."

"And you had a great fight, and used hard words of each other, and parted so that you would rather meet Beelzebub than her."

"Why, yes, it is so: I would rather meet twenty Beelzebubs than her."

"That is the way of you boys. You don't know that in after years, when all these things have got smooth and misty and distant, you will come to like her again; and then what will you think of your hard words and your quarrels? If you children could only understand how very short youth is, how very long middle age is, and how very dull old age is,—if you could only understand how the chief occupation of the longer half of your life is looking back on the first short half of it,—you would know the value of storing up only pleasant recollections of all your old friends. If you find that your sweetheart is a woman compelled by her nature to fall in love with the man nearest her, and forget him who is out of the way, why devote her to the infernal gods? In after years, you will be grateful to her for the pleasant days and weeks you spent with her, when you were both happy together, and you will look back on the old times very tenderly; and then, on those occa-

sions when you German folks drink to the health of your absent dear ones, won't you be sorry that you can't include her who was dear enough to you in your youth?"

"That is very good; it is quite true," said the Lieutenant, in almost an injured tone—as if Fräulein Fallersleben were responsible.

"Look for a moment," I say to my pensive pupil, "at the pull a man has who has spent his youth in pleasant scenery. When he gets old, and can do nothing but live the old life over again by looking back, he has only to shut his eyes, and his brain is full of fresh and bright pictures of the old times in the country; and the commonest landscape of his youth he will remember then as if it were steeped in sunlight."

"That is quite true," said Von Rosen, thoughtfully; but the next moment he uttered an angry exclamation, started up from his chair, and began walking up and down the room.

"It is all very well," he said, with an impatient vehemence, "to be amiable and forgiving when you are old—because you don't care about it, that is the reason. When you are young, you expect fair play. Do you think if I should be seventy I will care one brass farthing whether Pauline—that is, Fräulein Fallersleben—was honest or no? I will laugh at the whole affair then. But now, when you are ashamed of the deceit of a woman, is it not right you tell her? Is it not right she knows what honest men and women think of her? What will she think of you if you say to her, '*Farewell, Fräulein. You have behaved not very well; but I am amiable; I will forgive you.*'"

"There, again: you parted with her in wrath, because you did not like to appear weak and complaisant in her eyes."

"At all events, I said what I felt," said the Lieutenant, warmly. "I do think it is only hypocrisy and selfishness to say, '*I hate this woman, but I will be kind to her, because when I grow old I will look back and consider myself to have been very good.*'"

"You have been deeply hit, my poor lad; you are quite fevered about it now. You cannot even see how a man's own self-respect will make him courteous to a woman whom he despises; and is he likely to be sorry for that courtesy, when he looks at it in cold blood, and recognizes the stupendous fact that the man who complains of the inconstancy of a woman utters a reflection against Providence?"

"But you don't know—you don't know," said the Count, pitching his cigar

into the grate, "what a woman this one showed herself to be. After all, it does not matter. But when I look at such a woman as your Miss Bell here——"

"Yes: when you look at her?"

"Why, I see the difference," said the Lieutenant gloomily; and therewith he pulled out another cigar.

I stopped this, however, and rang for candles. As he lit his in rather a melancholy fashion, he said—

"It is a very good thing to see a woman like that—young-hearted, frank, honest in her eyes, and full of pleasantness, too, and good spirits—oh! it is very fine indeed, merely to look at her; for you do believe that she is a very good girl, and you think there are good women in the world. But as for that young man at Twickenham——"

"Well, what of him?"

The Lieutenant looked up from the candle; but saw nothing to awaken his suspicions.

"Oh," he said, carelessly, as we left the room, "I do think him a most pitiful fellow."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

II.

A LONG morning's work under a hot sun has made us more than ready for the luncheon which awaits us at the pretty little inn, nor is the prospect of an hour's rest unwelcome before proceeding on our journey. Had I had time, I would gladly have spent the night here, for assuredly the Island of Enoshima is one of the fairest spots I have seen, but I was forced to hurry on that I might sleep that night at Fujisawa, a straggling town on the great highway.

The evening was far advanced when I reached Fujisawa and rode up to the *Suzukiya*, once a porcelain-shop, now a really excellent hostelry, where, to my astonishment and delight, I found the luxury of a table and a very hard, straight-backed chair, such as our great grandmothers sat in and were contented, such as we more effeminate vote to be an instrument of torture. The room was so natty and tidy as to deserve a few words of description. The sliding panels were covered with a smart new paper, decorated with a pattern of fans sprinkled over it with marvellous effect; the *tokonoma*, the raised recess, which is the place of honour, was sup-

port on one side by a wooden pillar, composed of a single tree stripped of its bark so as to be perfectly smooth, and contained one of those quaint zigzag sets of shelves which have their origin in a piece of obsolete etiquette. When persons of rank used to meet together in old days to drink and be merry, they would lay aside their caps and dirks, the man of highest rank placing his traps upon the highest shelf, those of lower rank not presuming even to allow their caps to take a precedence which did not belong to them. This is said to have occasioned the invention of those shelves which in lacquer caskets must have puzzled collectors at Christie and Manson's. The mats and woodwork which are the pride of the Japanese householder were white and new, the beams decorated with carving of no mean taste. One solitary picture, executed with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented, in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus:—

Useless even for drugs
How happy are the frogs!*

The literal translation must plead my excuse for the badness of the rhyme. I was not a little puzzled by the meaning of the couplet until Shiraki came to the rescue and solved the riddle.

"Sir," said he pompously, "here is a lesson of humility and content conveyed in a parable. It is a fact which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even as medicine."

"Very good food," I objected, "either in a curry as eaten at Hongkong, or with a white sauce as at Paris."

Shiraki smiled a smile that was incredulous. "Some insects feed upon smartweed.† However that may be, we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So it is with the farmers: their position is lowly, but they have none of the cares which haunt greatness: therefore they should be contented, and the poet praises their modest lot."

O fortunatos nimium! Has the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum been translated into Japanese? As for the frogs, I soon be-

gan to wish that some man would find a use for them, or that a new *Batrachomymachia* might arise ending in the victory of the mice, and the utter extermination of the croakers; for hardly had I got to bed, hoping for a good night's rest, than there arose from the neighbouring paddy-fields such a chorus of brekekekex koax koax, as has not been heard since the days of Aristophanes. The night long they sang their hideous song, banishing sleep: sometimes indeed there would come a sudden lull, bringing hope with it; but hardly had the heavy eyelids time to close before some deep-voiced, hoarse preceptor would lead off again, the whole choir following one by one, until it seemed as if every frog that had ever been a tadpole had been summoned to take part in the concert. Until the first dawn of day they went on with what I remember to have seen in some old book is a serenade of love from the males to the females; with the dawn they rested, and so did I.

October 10. — Whilst my people were packing up, paying the reckoning, and making ready for a start, I wandered into the yard of the handsome temple opposite the inn. On one of the stone lanterns were graven the two Chinese characters *Shên Tien* — God's Field. What an exact reproduction of our expression "God's Acre!" That the daily wants of mankind should have produced such tools as the saw, the plane, the chisel, the plumb-line, and a thousand others, all the world over, seems natural enough; but it is astounding to find how the minds of men have hit upon the same expressions of thought. Almost all the proverbs of China and Japan have their fellows in our European languages, while some are identically the same; such as "Walls have ears;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Talk of a man and yot will cause his shadow to appear;" "Silence is better than speech;" besides many more. Here in this Ultima Thule is "God's Acre."

A nipping and an eager air blowing over the mountains in our faces reminds us how fast the year is waning, and it is so chilly that we are glad to dismount and walk, in order to keep ourselves warm. But the rays of a scorching sun soon disperse the delicious crispness of early morning, and drive us to take shelter under the fragrant shade of the grand old pines and firs which border this portion of the high-road.

Journeying on in a westerly direction, we soon arrive at the little village of

* *Kusuri ni mo nanareba,
Boji na kawadzu kana!*

† A proverb equivalent to our "There is no accounting for tastes."

Nango, beyond which a sharp turn of the road brings us upon one of the views most esteemed by Japanese landscape-painters. The highway follows such a straight line that Mount Fuji appears almost always on the right-hand of the westward-bound traveller. Here is one of the rare exceptions to the rule: the Peerless Mountain rises on his left, its glorious cone towering above the rugged outline of the Hakoné range, and the wilds of Mount Oyama, dark, gloomy, and lowering, a sacred haunt long guarded jealously from the profanation of a foreigner's foot. Among yonder mysterious glens, crags, and gorges is the home of the Tengu or Dog of Heaven, a hideous elf, long-clawed, long-beaked, winged, loving solitude; terror of naughty children who refuse to go to sleep at the word of command, or are guilty of other infantine crimes: altogether an uncanny hobgoblin: and should you, losing your way among the hills, find its nest, which is built in the highest trees, go your way and disturb it not, lest some foul evil should overtake you. The enchanting scenes of this day's journey, which change and bring fresh charms before the eye at every turn in the road, would alone repay the pilgrim for the trouble of his expedition, and he will understand how superstition has peopled haunts more beautiful, more wild, and more lonely than usual with a race of fairies and demons fairer or more terrible than the children of men.

A glance at the map of Japan will show that, the watershed being so close to the sea, it is impossible that there should be any rivers of importance; indeed, there are very few that are navigable even to junks and steam-launches, and most of those are guarded by dangerous and almost impassable bars.* Here the rivers are mere mountain torrents, rising rapidly and *wickedly*, to use a Scotch fisherman's expression, and in the absence of bridges, often putting a stop to all communication. The little river Sagami, which we presently have to cross, is in full spate; luckily, however, it is not yet so swollen as to stop our progress. At this point it is called Banin-gawa, or the Horse-Plunge River, from an adventure which happened to the Shogun Yoritomo.

Yoritomo, it will be remembered, had

* The bars at the mouths of the rivers at Osaka and Niigata have been frequently fatal to the lives and merchandise of foreigners. It was in crossing the bar at Osaka that the American Admiral Bell was lost, with his flag-lieutenant and all his boat's crew, in the month of January, 1838.

reached the supreme power by a bloody road. Among the chief of the persons who perished in the civil wars were the infant emperor Antoku (whose grandmother, clasping him to her bosom, jumped into the sea in despair), and Yoritomo's own brother Yoshituné. Now it happened in the twelfth month of the year 1198, that a certain noble named Shigénari, who had married the sister of Yoritomo's wife and had become a widower, built a bridge over the river Sagami and held a great festival, according to the Buddhist ritual, in honour of his dead wife. Upon the day appointed for the ceremony, Yoritomo, on account of the relationship which existed between him and Shigénari, set out to do honour to the occasion by his presence. Having arrived at the place, the Shogun was received with due respect by his brother-in-law, who forthwith gave orders that the priests should begin their prayers and litanies. Then there arose a great storm of thunder and lightning, and in the midst of the storm there appeared a hideous ghost mocking and gibbering, and a black cloud was seen dancing down the river on the top of the water. Startled by the apparition, the Shogun's horse snorted and reared so that Yoritomo was thrown, and the horse leaping over the parapet, jumped into the flood and was drowned — and this mishap gave the name to the river. But when the bystanders saw all these signs their hearts quailed, and they knew that some terrible calamity was about to happen. Nor was this the only portent which they were destined to behold, for when Yoritomo on his homeward journey reached the moor of Yatsumato, the ghosts of his brother, Yoshituné and of another hero, called Yukiie, appeared to him in anger, and at Cape Inamura he was met by the ghost of the emperor Antoku, so that the Shogun, terror-stricken by the sight, fell fainting from his horse. His attendants caught him in their arms, carried him back to Kamakura; but from that time forth he sickened, until on the thirteenth day of the first month of the following year he died, being fifty-three years of age, and having ruled as Shogun during eight years.

In justice to the character of the Japanese historical books, I should add that the story of the miraculous apparitions which preceded the death of Yoritomo is based merely upon tradition; but it is treasured nevertheless in the memory of a marvel-loving people.

Twice during the day we halted; first at Hiratsuka for luncheon, and again in the

afternoon at the village of Meida, for the intense heat of the afternoon sun made a rest and cup of tea very acceptable. At Meida my groom fell in with a friend, and it was most amusing to see the two lads, half-naked, their wonderfully tattooed limbs showing the lowness of their class, meet one another, bowing and prostrating themselves with more ceremonious greetings than would be exchanged between two western potentates:—

"Welcome! welcome! Mr. Chokichi, this is indeed a matter of congratulation. You must be fatigued—let me offer you up a cup of tea." (All this, *py-the-by*, with the word "Imperial" thrown in most untranslatably at every step.)

"Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. *Kekkô! Kekkô!* delicious! delicious! Whence are you making your imperial progress?"

"From Odawara—it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of placing myself before the imperial eyes."

And so they went on, with truly Oriental courtesy, nor did there seem any reason why they should ever have stopped, unless I had given the signal for a start, when down they went again in renewed prostrations. Five minutes afterwards I overheard my groom telling one of the other horseboys a long story, the upshot of which was to show what a rogue, rascal, and villain was his acquaintance, whom he had parted with so affectionately with compliments coming as much from the heart as kisses exchanged between fine ladies.

The left bank of a broad, shallow river, upon which we presently come, is the limit within which, according to treaty, the foreigners resident at Yokohama are bound to confine themselves; and two white notice-boards inscribed with that announcement in French and English stand by an office for the examination of passports, which are now readily granted to those desirous of extending their observations. A third notice is very significant of the danger which the traveller yet runs should he fall in with a fanatic or ill-conditioned fellow: this proclamation is now stuck up at all the principal places throughout the Empire, in accordance with an agreement entered into by the Japanese Government with the foreign representatives after the attacks upon foreigners which took place in 1868. Translated, it runs as follows:—

"Now that the Imperial Government has been newly established, in obedience to the principles of the Court, it has been com-

manded that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries, and that all matters should be treated directly by the Imperial Court.* The Treaties will be observed according to International Law, and the people of the whole country, receiving the expression of the Imperial will with gratitude, are hereby ordered to rest assured upon this point.

"Henceforth those persons who, by violently slaying foreigners, or otherwise insulting them, would rebel against the Imperial commands, and brew trouble in the country, and all other persons whatsoever, are hereby ordered to behave in a friendly manner. Those who do not uphold the Majesty and Good Faith of their country in the eyes of the world, being guilty of most audacious crime, in accordance with the heinousness of their offence, will, even should they belong to the Samurai class, be stripped of their rank, and will meet with a suitable punishment. Let all men receive the Imperial commands, by which riotous conduct, however slight, is strictly forbidden."

The virtue of the proclamation lies in the words, "even should they belong to the Samurai class." From the common people, who are mostly well disposed and friendly, the foreigner has nothing to fear, unless it be perhaps a volley of stones at the hands of a party of merry-makers in holiday time, and a few cuts of his horse-whip will amply avenge him; but that the privileged and armed Samurai should learn that in cutting down a barbarian he is not only not performing an act of devotion pleasing in the eyes of the gods, but is committing a crime which even deprives him of his dearly valued birthright of self-immolation by *hara-kiri*, and puts him under the sword of the common headsmen, is an immense point gained in our relations with Japan. The Son of heaven, the lineal descendant and successor of the gods, himself takes us under his protection, and commands "that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries."

I do not of course mean to say that this law will of itself be sufficient to protect foreigners from insult and outrage in a land which numbers so many fanatic dare-devils, and where the *jō-i* or barbarian-expulsion party, who hold, with some truth on their side, that foreign intercourse has brought nothing but trouble upon the country, are yet very strong. But it is a step in the right direction, and

* Instead of by the Tycoon, the head of the executive, as heretofore.

now (1872) that railroads and telegraphs are an established fact in Japan, the advance in toleration will no longer be by steps, but by seven-league-booted strides.

We must now pass through the ordeal of inspection at the *bansho* or guard-house, a wooden shanty entirely open on the side facing the road, in which are squatting over their braziers four or five rather ragged petty *yakunins*, literally "office-men," smoking in grim and sulky silence. One of them seeing me beckons with his pipe, and in the vile jargon of Yokohama, bids me come up and deliver my passport. Shiraki and the chief of my escort are horrified at this breach of good manners, and rush to the front vying with one another in loud denunciation of the *chikushô* ("beast") who dares to take such liberties.

"If it be possible" says the polite corporal, apologizing to me, "be pleased to exercise imperial patience. This guard is a beast that knows no manners. Verily I have lost face."

After some wrangling, and no little abuse of the unhappy guard, who now looked thoroughly crest-fallen and ashamed of himself, my passport was pronounced to be *en règle*, and I was allowed to make my arrangements for crossing the river, on the bank of which a whole company of coolies were disputing and fighting for the job of carrying me and my party over. Forging the river on horseback was quite out of the question; it was running like a mill-race, and both in breadth and depth far beyond its usual measure. So we were placed man by man, each with his saddle by him, on a square deal board, and hoisted on to the shoulders of four stout brown-limbed coolies, naked, save a loin-cloth, who bore us bravely across the muddy flood, although the stream threatened at every step to wash their legs from under them. The horses were left in charge of the grooms, who stripped (a process which, sooth to say, did not involve taking off very much), and plunging in with them, drove them, somewhat frightened, poor beasts, in safety to the other side. Twelve hours later neither man nor horse could have faced the torrent.

We have no great distance to go now, up a gentle picturesque ascent, to reach Odawara, this day's goal. A pitiful, mean little town it is, with dilapidated houses much needing repair, whether seen from the moralist's or the builder's point of view. Poor in appearance as it now is, however, it still boasts a handsome feudal castle, with tower-cornered walls and a

moat, and an official quarter for the dwellings of my lord's chief retainers, and in its day it has played no mean part in the history of the country, of which for some generations it was the military capital.

Just now the main street is full of bustle; scores of wayfarers travelling eastward are pouring in, and although the place is full of houses of entertainment (many of them, as I have hinted above, not over respectable), it becomes no easy matter to find suitable accommodation. As for my horse, at one moment I feared that I should have to leave him roofless to brave the storm that was evidently brewing as best he might, for there was not a stable in the place big enough for him to walk into. At last, by causing a rotten beam to be cut away from under an archway, I contrived to get him housed. All along the road his size had called forth a great measure of wonder, for Europeans when travelling usually content themselves with Japanese ponies; but here, beyond the treaty limit, a horse over sixteen hands high created as much astonishment as a giraffe might in a Yorkshire village. By the same token, in these out-of-the-way regions Dog Lion was taken sometimes for a bear, but more often for a sheep, an animal known by fame, indeed, but never seen out of the neighbourhood of foreign settlements.*

And now heavy black clouds were gathering overhead, and the storm began to bluster and scold among the mountains, at the foot of which we lay snugly sheltered, having washed away our travel-weariness in a hot bath, the one genuine comfort which is never failing in a Japanese inn. (Be sure, however, that your servant sees that you have the first use of it, unless Japanese-like you do not mind bathing in the same water after, perhaps, half a score of other persons; not a pleasant idea, especially in a country where skin-diseases are so prevalent. In the morning you may always be certain of virgin water, for the natives do not bathe until after the day's work is over, and before the evening meal.)

October 11th. — Rain falling in sheets; the main street running like a mountain burn; a group of coolies dressed in mushroom hats, and rain-coats made of long grass, looking like animated haycocks that

* It is said that sheep will not live in Japan, the soil being so rich and moist that they die of foot-rot; but I take it, that if the experiment were tried in some of the inland morelands, they might be made to breed and thrive there; as it is, we get our sheep over from Shanghai, and our mutton costs us half-a-dollar a pound.

had suddenly taken to themselves legs, and rushed under the projecting eaves of the houses to save the crop; a petty personage, closely shut up in his litter, being borne along at extra speed by naked bearers, all glistening with wet, his two attendants vainly trying to wrap themselves in their waterproof coats made of oiled paper, out of which stuck their swords like the tails of wooden monkeys; water dripping, water pouring, water running, a general sloppiness, begging description: this was the scene upon which I looked out the following morning. It was hopeless to think of starting in such a down-pour; so having made as long a business as possible of shaving, dressing, and breaking my fast, in order to kill time, I sat down with Shiraki to learn what I could respecting the town of Odawara.

The arch-enemy of the Shogun Yoritomo was Taira no Kiyomori, the head of the house of Hei. So great was his hatred of Yoritomo, that he died saying, "After my death say no litanies for the good of my soul; all that I desire is that the head of Yoritomo may be laid upon my grave." This was his last will and testament. Now, when the house of Gen, with Yoritomo as its leader, rose to supreme power, it followed as a matter of course, that the house of Hei became utterly ruined, its members being scattered here and there over the country, and forced to gain their livelihood as best they might. In the chronicles of the provinces of Idzu and Sagami,* it is written that towards the end of the fifteenth century a descendant of Kiyomori called Hôjô Shinkurô Nagauji had, by the lapse of time, become reduced to the condition of a peasant, and was a wanderer upon the face of the earth. But notwithstanding his fallen condition, his valour and talents were worthy of the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and his spirit rebelled against the misfortune under which he was crushed. So he went to the capital, Kiyôto, and having placed himself under the protection of one of the ministers of the then Shogun, Ashikaga Yoshimasa, took up his abode at the fortress of Kôkokuji. Bent on raising himself to eminence, he took advantage of a feud which existed between the Shogun at Kiyôto and his representatives at Kamakura, and distinguished himself in many conflicts in the provinces of Idzu and Sagami, finally wresting the town and castle of Odawara from the Omori family, who belonged to the Kamakura faction. He

now made the castle of Odawara his headquarters, and having so far pushed his way in the world, he entered the Buddhist priesthood under the name of Sôun; but though he donned the scarf, he did not lay aside the sword, and his military power waxed stronger and stronger, until he became the recognized leader of the chivalry of the two provinces. The task of completing the glory of the family was reserved for his grandson Ujiyasu, who, having put down with a strong hand the factions which disturbed the eight provinces of Kwantô, annexed them, and placed them under his own rule. Odawara now took the place of Kamakura as military capital, and here the Hôjô family ruled for five generations in the capacity, although not bearing the title, of Shoguns (which was still held by the Ashikaga family), until the time of Hôjô Ujimasa, who, having neglected a summons to go to court at Kiyôto, was attacked by the famous general Taiko Sama, who determined to punish his disobedience. Taiko Sama invaded the eastern provinces with an overwhelming force, and pitched his main camp on mounts Ishigaki and Biyôbu, so distributing the rest of his forces as to overcast the town of Odawara with a cloud of soldiers. Ujimasa prepared to make a stout defence, and called all the troops of Kwantô to his assistance; but they were no match for Taiko Sama, whose artillery played pitilessly upon them from the neighbouring heights; and on the fifth day of the seventh month of the year 1590 Ujimasa surrendered at discretion, Taiko Sama refusing to hear his prayer for peace, and insisting that he must put himself to death. So Ujimasa disembowelled himself, and his head was sent to Kiyôto, to be exposed as the head of a traitor; his son Ujinao was banished to Mount Koya in Kishiu; and this was the end of the great Hôjô family, which had held the castle of Odawara for ninety-seven years.

One day during the siege, as Taiko Sama and his general Tokugawa Iyêyasu were standing on a watch-tower which they had built on the heights above Odawara, Taiko Sama said, "I see before me the eight provinces of Kwantô. Before many days are over I will take them and give them to thee."

Iyêyasu thanked him, saying, "That were indeed great luck."

"Wilt thou live here at Odawara," asked Taiko Sama, "as the men of Hôjô have done?"

"Ay, my lord," answered Iyêyasu, "that will I."

* Dzu-So-Ki is the title of the book.

"That will not do," said Taiko Sama. "I see on the map that there is a place called Yedo some twenty *ri** eastward from here. It is a fine position, and that is the place where thou shouldst live."

"I shall with reverence obey your lordship's instructions," replied Iyeyasu.

Now, when the house of Hôjô had been annihilated, Taiko Sama fulfilled his promise, and made Iyeyasu lord of the provinces of Kwantô; and he became the founder of the last dynasty of Shoguns, and made Yedo the military capital, according to his chief's advice. So Odawara lapsed into insignificance, it being a matter of wonder, indeed, that a place so utterly at the mercy of an attack from the mountains which overhang it should ever have been chosen as a military stronghold.

The vacillation showed by the lord of Odawara during the siege has passed into a proverb. He was for ever saying, "To-morrow we will fight,"—"To-morrow we will make a sortie." But the carrying out of his good resolutions was always delayed, so that the expression, *Odawara hiyôjô*, "deliberations of Odawara" (a sort of jingling play on the name Hôjô being also intended), is now a synonym for fatal procrastination.

During the whole morning the pelting rain continued, but towards one o'clock the hills began to unveil themselves, and a glorious afternoon rewarded us for the gloom in which we had been confined. My original intention had been to go straight up the Hakoné Pass by the main road; but hearing that a great friend of mine, a native gentleman, one of the most distinguished members of the Government, was staying at Miyanoshita, a place among the mountains, famous for the beauty of its scenery and for certain natural hot-springs, I determined to change my route in order to go and pay him a visit. For a short distance we rode, but when we had to turn up to the right by a steep, difficult mountain-path, it became evident that Shanks's mare was the best horse, so we sent our beasts back to Odawara to await our return, and proceeded on foot. We had some little difficulty in finding our way, as neither my escort nor Shiraki knew the road. As for the distance, like the Scotch "mile and a bittock," it seemed to be an unknown quantity, for the natives of whom we asked our way, eager to be hired as guides, always made Miyanoshita recede in proportion as we advanced, greatly to the indignation of the corporal

of the escort, who at last lost all patience with one touting scoundrel, saying, "What do you take us for, you lubber? The next time a country bumpkin passes this way you may talk like that, but it's no use your trying it on with a Yedo child;" and I had to interfere to save the poor wretch from a liberal payment of stick bakhshish. It was stiffish walking up the slippery hill-paths, but what a beautiful scene! The variegated trees sparkling with prismatic colours; the mountain torrents, swollen and foaming, dashing past lichen-covered rocks overhanging black pools, the home of many a tiny trout; such subtle effects of light and shade; such blue distances; the two famous twin mountains, Futago Yama, clothed in deep purple, ahead of us; a fresh keen air that was new life to men sodden with the hot damp of the plain; even the stout and elderly Shiraki rose in spirits notwithstanding the efforts of the scramble, and declared, gasping for breath, that this was indeed enjoyment. I think we were none of us sorry when we came upon a certain spring called Himémidzu, the Princess-water, where an ancient dame served us with cups containing the most delicious crystal-clear draught, as cold as ice, which we sat down and drank as if it had been nectar. The spring takes its name from a story that one of the princesses of the noble house of Hôjô was wont to come hither from Odawara with her ladies, and make tea *al fresco*. Close to the well the old woman has a little cottage, and she earns a scanty living by serving tea of the Princess-water to weary foot-pads like ourselves. Having rested ourselves, we made her happy with a small silver coin, a largesse about ten times as bountiful as she had hoped for, and went on our way.

We must have gone some nine miles, as I should guess, since we left Odawara, when we reached the village of Miyanoshita, a most lovely spot lying lost among the hills. The little hamlet seems to be made up entirely of bathing-houses, which are also inns and shops for the sale of camphor-wood boxes, marqueterie and toys of different sorts, very pretty and tasteful, which the bathers take home as keepsakes to their families. It is a most fashionable watering-place, a sort of Japanese Tunbridge Wells. I never saw a place in such complete repose; when we came upon it not a soul was stirring, not a dog was barking; perhaps rest is part of the cure; at last I found a native who told me at which of the inns my friend was staying, and was lucky enough to be able to secure

* One *ri* = 4,320 yards.

an apartment in the same house. It will easily be imagined that in such a place the inns are perfection in their way; the charm of that at which I put up quite passed my expectations. I was lodged in a beautiful clean set of rooms, with a balcony looking on to a lovely little garden full of dwarfed trees, rare shrubs and flowers, with quaint rockeries, and a pond full of gigantic gold-fish and carp, grown old, and fat, and lazy, under a long course of feeding at the hands of generations of bathers; behind the garden the mountain copses made a natural background of forest scenery. As I lay looking out on this pretty view, after a bathe in the hot water welling from the living rock, I was lulled almost to sleep by the plashing of a neighbouring water-wheel. I was aroused from my dreamy state by the entrance of my friend Katô, who had just come in from a country walk. He had been surprised not a little to hear of my arrival, and when I told him that I had come purposely to see him, he was profuse in his expressions of thanks. Seeing that my baggage had not yet arrived, he pressed me warmly to go across to his rooms and dine with him, an invitation which I was glad enough to accept.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with Katô's wife, a bonny little lady, though eyes less familiar with the custom than mine would have objected to the disfigurement of shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. She was very civil and pleasant, and had none of the shyness which I have usually met with in Japanese ladies; nor had she the servile manner, which is another defect bred by the seclusion and abased condition in which women are kept; on the contrary, she took part in the conversation brightly and well, and did the honours of her husband's apartment with ease and grace. She had with her as companion and playmate a charming little girl about eight or nine years old, whose special function appeared to consist in being petted and stuffed with sweetmeats. The story of my host's marriage was a romantic one. During the political storms which preceded the outbreak of the revolution, Katô had brought himself into notice as a very active and dangerous man; a price was set upon his head, and he had to fly for his life: this young lady sheltered him and screened him from his enemies, and he fell in love with and married her. A very happy couple they seemed to be.

Purposing to remain some weeks at Miyashita, Katô had surrounded himself with a number of comforts which gave his

room quite a home-like air. Two or three smart rugs or small carpets, a luxury which has recently been borrowed from the west, gave a colour and warmth to the cold whiteness of the mats and walls; writing materials, books, handsome lacquer boxes, musical instruments, pipestands and a swordrack, were strewed about the floor, and in the recess a bronze jar contained one of those bouquets, the making up of which is a special and elaborate part of a Japanese lady's education. Further, lest he should find his *villegiatura* dull, he had gathered together a few friends, "companions of his solitude," to whom, as they came dropping in one by one, I was solemnly presented. First and foremost was the doctor, an intelligent young man of the Satsuma clan, who had studied medicine in the English school presided over by Dr. Willis at Yedo, and had acquired some little reputation in his craft: he spoke with enthusiasm of his kind and excellent teacher. Then there were two or three private gentlemen, remarkably pleasant men, learned in the lore of their country, a professor of the game of chequers, as elaborate a study as chess or whist, and above all, a certain character who deserves a paragraph to himself.

This was an artist in lacquer, one of the drollest creatures I ever met, as grotesque as the devices upon his own boxes. He was a wit, a wag, a contortionist, cunning at legerdemain and all manner of tricks, which he was continually showing, and yet, somehow, he never was a buffoon. It was most excellent good fooling, and always in good taste. Although a rich man and the especial pet of the great and powerful on account of his social talents, he affected to be especially careful not to imitate their dress, but to abide by the old fashions of the *Chônin* or wardsmen, even in the cut of his hair, which was closely shaven to the tops of the ears, and brought forward in the tiny little queue, which used to be a distinguishing mark of artisans. In his girdle, in the place of a dirk, he wore the wooden beater which his mother had used to pound rice, and which he had decorated with many a curious fancy in lacquer, and studded with gold coins. "What need had he to carry a blade?" he said. His playful sallies, the effect of which was heightened by a marvellously mobile face, kept us in laughter during the whole evening.

When we had finished dinner, our hostess produced her *samishen*, half guitar, half banjo, to the accompaniment of which she began singing, while the lacquer-man, not to be outdone in a matter of polite accom-

plishments, came in with a flute obligato. I cannot say in conscience that the result was pleasing to an European ear, but, as is often the case elsewhere, the music was the signal for and assistance to conversation, and we the audience, began talking politics, leaving the performers to the enjoyment of their own sweet sounds. It was eleven o'clock when I wished my friends good-night, and I left Katô and the professor, heads on hands, as completely abstracted from all earthly matters as Buddhists in a state of Nirvana, lost in the solution of some impossible problem in the mysterious game of chequers.

The following morning (October 12) dawned in rare splendour, and the opened slides let in a waft of fresh mountain air, as exhilarating as good news from home. The garden all ablaze with dew, its trimness in striking contrast to the wild nature beyond, was looking even more beautiful, if possible, than the evening before—a fitting spot in which to enjoy one of Heaven's own holidays. It is always a matter of regret to me that the beauties of Japanese scenery should have been done justice to by no gifted word-painter like John Ruskin. The shapes of the mountains, sometimes grand, sometimes fantastic; the marvellous gradations of the tree-colours from the exquisitely tender green of the feathering bamboo, slender and graceful, to the gloom of the sturdy pines and cryptomerias which spring from the more barren soil; the rocks streaked and patched with lichens and mosses, with many a rare fern and lycopod peeping out of chinks and crannies, are worthy studies for a great artist to paint with loving hand, and hardly will he succeed, limn he never so cunningly. To me the memory of these places is like that of a beautiful dream of fairyland, vivid and bright, but utterly beyond the pale of description.

At about nine o'clock I received a visit from Katô, who came to tell me that he was off to take his daily bath in the hot iron springs at Kiga, a lovely spot among the mountains, and proposed that I should accompany him that we might make a picnic luncheon together. At the time of his coming my room was full of sellers of camphor-wood boxes and toys, who had brought their wares for inspection; directly they saw Katô their prices went down fifty per cent.; the rogues had been asking the foreigner something like three times the real value of their goods. I bought a few very pretty specimens of marqueterie, and a certain camphor-wood cabinet,

(which now holds the flies and feathers of a distinguished salmon-fisher), at a reasonable price, thanks to my friend with whom I presently started on our expedition, the whole of the party of the night before, with the exception of the lady, being of the company.

We had a very pleasant walk over the hills, Katô, on account of his delicate state of health, being carried in a litter, which, however, being open at the sides, did not prevent him from joining in the conversation and laughter with which we beguiled the way. Every now and then the doctor or one of the others would take me for a scramble to see some new point of view, some fresh beauty in the landscape, for these Japanese are passionate lovers of nature, so that after many stoppages, now to feast our eyes, now to rest Katô's coolies, it was noon by the time we reached Kiga.

Our picnic was a great success; the doctor and the lacquer-man were with one consent elected chief cooks, and distinguished themselves by producing, the one a fry of delicious burn-trout, the other a savoury stew, in which the shortcomings of a rather lean old cock-pheasant were skilfully concealed. The *cordons bleus* of the establishment supplied the rest of the dishes, my contribution being sundry bottles of pale ale and porter, which were immensely popular, for the names of Bass, Allsopp, and Guinness are familiar now as household words to the Japanese. Through the heat of the afternoon we remained chatting over every conceivable matter, grave and gay, but chiefly discussing politics and the application of European principles of government to Japan. Of all subjects, this is the favourite among this improvement-seeking people. It is little wonder that, with their eagerness to learn and profit by the experience of other nations, they should have distanced their backward neighbours, the Chinese, in such matters as railways and telegraphs. In the cool of the evening we trudged home, and at a little distance from Miyanoshta we were met by Katô's wife with her little companion.

Towards eight o'clock we all met again in my rooms for dinner, Dog Lion, at the special request of the lady, being present, and exciting great admiration by his discreet and polite behaviour. He divided the honours of the evening with the lacquer-man, who outdid himself in efforts to make my party go off well. Shiraki, as chief retainer, did the honours, affording thereby an instance of Japanese manners and customs. No feature of Japanese so-

ciety is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant (provided, of course, that he be of the military class) to his intimate society; but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine-cup to his man, as if he were an honoured guest, and for a while they would appear to any one not acquainted with the turns of a language most fertile in subtle distinctions to be upon perfectly equal terms. Yet, the moment the feast is over, the man retires with the same profound obeisances and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity, which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again. Feudalism strips service of servility, and, although the feudal system is a thing of the past, its traces must long remain.

The following morning (Oct. 13), to my great regret, I was forced to leave Miyano-shita and my good friends, with whom I had passed such a pleasant time. We parted with many expressions of mutual good-will, promising to meet soon in Yedo. This morning's walk, as far as the sulphur-springs of Ashi-no-yu, was less interesting, for the mountain, bare of trees, is covered only with a rich growth of rank grass, mixed with wild flowers. There was no shade, and the heat of the sun was overpowering, so that we were right glad when, towards mid-day, we came down upon our halting-place.

The springs are certainly very remarkable; the whole neighbourhood is full of volcanic signs, and in every direction the water wells out, charged with a rich sulphur ooze. Close by is a crater, not active, indeed, but looking, with its sides covered with brimstone and lava, as if it might break out at any time. The baths of Ashi-no-yu are in the village street, but covered over with wooden shanties, that people may bathe with decency. Just as I came in sight of the huts, a matron, carrying a child in her arms, both as naked as they were born, came out, and tripped, picking her way with her bare feet, across the street into a tea-house, where she had left her clothes. This is the only instance which I ever came across of a woman appearing naked in the street, although most travellers' books abound in stories of wo-

men tubbing in public, and of other outrages upon decency. Be it remembered, however, this was in a most out-of-the-way place, and at a time of day when the good woman might reasonably expect that, the men being all away at their work, she would be as free from the profane gaze of mankind as Lady Godiva ought to have been and was not. Her shame when she saw me knew no bounds. The European doctors of Yokohama have not been slow to find out the excellent properties of these baths, and I found established there for the season an Italian gentleman and his wife — rather wild quarters for a daintily-nurtured lady to occupy, the only thing about the place which had any affinity with Europe being the smell, which might remind her of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Not far from Ashi-no-yu, on the road to Hakoné, half-hidden among the brushwood and long grass, are two remarkable monuments, shaped like the stone lanterns which the Japanese set up in their pleasure-grounds and temple-yards. To the right of these, near at hand, is a third and lesser stone. It can hardly fail to set the traveller a-wondering when he comes upon such traces of man's work in the midst of a wilderness, and he will readily guess that they mark some famous or sacred spot. The two stones mark the graves of the brothers Soga, the heroes of one of the most celebrated stories of vendetta in Japanese history, and the third is in honour of the woman, Tora Gozen, the true love of one of them.

In the summer of the year 1193 the Shogun Yoritomo went out to hunt on the moors and waste lands about Mount Fuji, followed by the flower of the chivalry of the East, his train being swelled by a great company of camp-followers, mimes, jesters, musicians, and singing women. Among the nobles who went with him was one Kudô Sukétuné. Now this Sukétuné, many years before, having certain wrongs to avenge, had caused the murder of his cousin Sukéyasu, who died leaving a widow and two infant sons. Upon the death of her husband the widow wished to forsake the world, shave her head* and enter a nunnery, but her father-in-law prevented her, so she married a second time one Soga Tarô Sukénobu, who took her two sons to live with him, and adopted them as his own children, causing them at

* The nuns of Japan, like the Buddhist monks, shave the whole head; hence the proverbial expression, *Bikuni ni Kanzashi*, "To ask a nun for a hair-pin," equivalent to our "You cannot draw blood from a stone."

the same time to take his patronymic of Soga. Happy as they were in their new home, the two boys never forgot the death of their father nor the debt of revenge which they owed to his murderer: when at play in their earliest childhood they would make figures to represent Sukétuné that they might have the pleasure of torturing and destroying him in effigy, nor would they listen to the prayers and remonstrances of their mother, who in despair sent the younger brother, Soga Tokimuné, to the temple at Hakoné, that he might be brought up for the priesthood. But it was all of no avail, for the lad never for a moment relaxed his purpose, and at last, when he grew up and it became time for him to enter the priesthood, he fled secretly from the temple and took refuge with the Lord of Odawara, who, taking compassion upon his orphan state, gave him shelter, and allowed him free access to his stronghold.

The hunting expedition of the Shogun Yoritomo was the opportunity which the brothers chose for wreaking their vengeance on the murderer of Sukétuné.

On the 28th day of the fifth month there arose a great storm of wind and rain, and at night, there being neither moonlight nor starlight, the hunting camp was shrouded in thick darkness. In the dead of the night they sought the place where their enemy lay, but he had changed his abode, and their plan would have miscarried had they not received aid from a woman. This was a beautiful girl, called Tora Gozen, the inmate of a pleasure-house at Oiso, in the province of Sagami, and the sweetheart of the elder brother, Sukénari. When the two were in despair at not finding Sukétuné, and were debating what they should do, she came forth and pointed out to them the place to which he had removed, and they, overjoyed, hurried to the spot where Sukétuné lay fast asleep. Sukénari stood at his pillow, and Tokimuné, the younger brother, took his place behind him. Then Sukénari kicked aside the pillow, and shouted with a loud voice, crying, "Here stand I Soga Sukénari, the avenger of my murdered father!" Sukétuné, aroused by the cry, jumped up and tried to defend himself with his dirk, which lay by his couch; but the two brothers fell upon him with their swords and slew him.

Having now satisfied their revenge they had no further wish left in the world, so they determined to risk their lives in an attempt to slay my lord the Shogun Yoritomo,

between whom and their own grandfather there had been a deadly feud. Now was their best chance of success, so, brandishing their bloody swords, they rushed into his tent with a loud shout. The guards who watched over the Shogun did battle with them; but so desperately did they fight, that they cut down, as it is said, more than fifty men before Sukénari, being tired, was slain, and the younger brother, Tokimuné, was pinioned by a page, disguised as a woman, who sprang upon him from behind.

The following morning Tokimuné was brought before the Shogun, who examined him in person, saying: "Wherefore dost thou disturb my camp?"

"You were my grandfather's enemy," answered Tokimuné, unabashed; "and Sukétuné was my father's murderer, so I hated you because you loved him."

The Shogun was pleased with the youth's bold speech, and wished to spare his life, but Inubô Maru, the son of Sukétuné, prayed that his father's murder might not be left unavenged; so Tokimuné was put to death, being at the time twenty years of age.

Now when Tora Gozen heard that Sukénari, the man whom she loved, was dead, she vowed a vow of chastity, and went to the temple at Hakoné, and became a nun at the age of nineteen. When she was quite an old woman of seventy-one summers, she started on a pilgrimage to a temple at Kumano, in Kishiu, but she died by the road, and it is said that the clothes she wore and the things she carried with her on the journey are still preserved as sacred relics at a temple called Jinguji.

The piety of the brothers Soga in avenging their murdered father earned for them a rich meed of praise from every true and loyal warrior; and even Yoritomo, who had so narrowly escaped from falling a victim to their rage, approved what they had done, and caused their swords to be laid up in the temple at Gongen, at Hakoné, where they have been carefully preserved by generation after generation of priests. Their names live in history, and are treasured in the heart of every Samurai.

Near the graves of the two brothers is a figure of the Buddhist god Jizô Sama, graven in the solid rock, as some say by Nature herself; by others believed to have been miraculously wrought in a single night by Kôbôdaishi, a priest who lived in the ninth century, and who is famous as the inventor of the syllabary known as the I-ro-ha, in which he assimilated the

letters of the Japanese language to the Bonji or Pali characters used in the Buddhist classics. The image is rude enough, but it is greatly venerated by the simple mountaineers.

It was yet early in the afternoon when we came upon the blue waters of the Hakoné lake, lying like a sapphire mirror among the hills, unruffled by the gentlest semblance of a breeze. It would be strange, indeed, if so romantic a locality were to lack the ornament of some old-world legend. There is a tale told of a certain terrible dragon with nine heads, that used to dwell in the lake, and troubled the people by raising great storms of wind and wave, in the midst of which he would appear, and carry off little children for his food. But at last, in the eighth century, a certain holy priest, named Mangan, who was renowned for his piety, exorcised the dragon, and by the aid of magic arts tied him to a tree, which is still believed to be visible at the bottom of the lake, punishing the monster until it craved pardon for its misdeeds. When the fame of this exploit reached the emperor's ears, he summoned the priest Mangan to Kiôto, but the good man died by the way, and entered peace at a place called Yanagôri, in the province of Mikawa; so his pupils brought his remains, and buried them at the temple of Gongen, at Hakoné. Every year, during the night of the twelfth day of the sixth month, the eve of the great feast of the temple, the people still come to the lake, and make offerings of food to propitiate the dragon.

Of course we went and visited the Temple of Gongen, that ancient fane, the dwelling-place of many holy men during the dark ages, including Kôbôdaishi, Jikakudaishi, and others, and were shown the swords of the Soga brothers, and the dirk with which their enemy tried in vain to ward off their blows, with other curiosities. The position of the shrine, surrounded by lofty cryptomerias and looking down upon the lake, is most beautiful; but the buildings were greatly damaged in the war which ended in the ruin of the lords of Odawara, and have never been restored to their former splendour. At the foot of the temple we took boat, and so came to the little town of Hakoné.

Situated at the very top of a mountain-pass, some three thousand feet or more above the sea-level, Hakoné must—until the completion of the railroad which is to unite the two capitals, Yeddo and Ki-yôto—always be a resting-place of some little importance, and allow a number of

innkeepers to drive a thriving trade; but until the year of grace 1868 it had also a great political significance as the barrier of the Tycoon's territory, which no man could pass without a passport—death by crucifixion being the penalty of an attempt to escape by any mountain-path. At the entrance to the town was a guard-house, strongly manned, flanked by a formidable stand of arms, holding spears and hooks and the other paraphernalia of Japanese police, on passing which every person, save those of the very highest rank, were required to dismount and do obeisance to the representatives of Tycoon power. The guard-house is swept away now, together with the other encumbrances and annoyances of the obsolete Government, and men may come and go as they list. It is more convenient, to be sure; but there was a quaintness and picturesqueness about the old customs which the travellers who follow in our steps will miss. Now, even the old costume of the country is slowly but surely disappearing; and when the railroad shall be an accomplished fact, travelling in Japan will have lost its charm. Four years ago we were still in the middle-ages; we have leapt at a bound into the nineteenth century—out of poetry into plain, useful prose.

I had no time to stop at Hakoné, to my great regret; for I should not soon have grown weary of looking out upon the lake washing the grand dark hills above which Mount Fuji raised its brilliant cone of white snow, and there are many nooks and hidden places among the mountains celebrated in history, in poetry and in fairy tales. Down the mountain-pass we sped, each step revealing some new beauty: now a natural rockery; now some old gnarled stem of cryptomeria or Scotch fir; now a thicket of flame-coloured maples. It was getting late; and travellers, whether upward or downward-bound, were hurrying to reach their resting-place. Even the coolies, heavily-weighted beasts of burden, were putting on an extra spurt, the tension of the muscles in their marvelously-developed legs showing what hard work they were doing. The shadows had lengthened and lengthened until they had passed away altogether (for we were now on the eastern side of the range) by the time we reached Hata, our half way-house, a village of hostelrys, at the doors of which attractive little damsels, attired in their smartest garb, were standing and keeping up a continual shout of *O hairi nasare! O tomari nasare!*—"Pray come in! pray rest here!" Resisting the invitation of who

knows how many decoy-ducks, I entered the *Honjin*, or chief inn of the village, and found a charming apartment overlooking a garden, the fame of which is known throughout the length and breadth of Japan. This little garden, fashioned around a real waterfall, which was tumbling over the most picturesque rocks, is the very ideal and dream of Japanese horticulture, and would be a fitting model upon which some native Lord Bacon should write an essay. Nothing more trim and perfect than its dwarfed trees, nothing more rugged than its rockwork, nothing fatter and larger and brighter than its gold-fish. Above all, a natural waterfall, clear beyond measure to the Japanese landscape-gardener. The honours of the establishment were done by O Také San, "Miss Bamboo," a nymph who would have been a little gem of beauty had her face not been marred by a most undeniable squint. There was no compromising matters by calling it a cast in the eye. There it was — a squint, and nothing but a squint. Besides this defect, for which she was not accountable, there was another, which might have been avoided — she was eaten up with the itch.

This being, in some sense, the turning-point of our journey, I gave Shiraki and the escort a feast, which they had richly deserved, for every man of them in his own capacity had done his utmost to make the trip go off well. When the shutters were closed, and the wine-cup going round, we were startled by a clatter of clogs in the garden. Shiraki and the escort jumped up and took their swords, and I made ready my revolver. Miss Bamboo and another girl putting the gold-fish to bed in a rock-covered hole, for fear of otters, turned out to be the innocent cause of our alarm. Laughing at our fears, we made merry until it was time to go to bed.

October 14th. — Mist and rain. A pretty ducking we got as we walked or rather slipped down to Yumoto, the place which, as I have said above, gives its name to all the hot springs of the Hakoné mountains. As at Miyanoshita, the chief trade here is in camphor-wood boxes and marqueterie, of which I bought some more specimens, and having found out the right price from my friends at the former place I was not robbed. Over against Yumoto are two noteworthy hills, Mounts Ishigaki and Ishibashi,* the former the site of Taiko

Sama's head-quarters when he attacked Odawara, the latter the hiding-place of Yoritomo when he was flying from his enemies before he rose to power. Here is the story.

In the year 1180, on the 24th day of the eighth month, Yoritomo was encamped on Sugi-yama, "the Mountain of Cryptomerias," and one of the captains of the house of Hei, with three thousand and more warriors at his back, was in hot pursuit of him. Yoritomo, knowing that he was out-numbered, and that there was no hope for him but in flight, went and hid on a remote mountain peak, leaving two of his lieutenants to turn aside the attention of the enemy. When the immediate danger was past, Hojô Tokimasa, Yoritomo's father-in-law and most trusty friend, went and scoured the mountains far and wide, and at last found him hiding in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree. When Yoritomo saw himself in the midst of his friends he was overjoyed, but Sanéhira, who had accompanied Tokimasa, said: "Truly it is much to be thankful for that we should all have reached these heights safe and without hurt. Yet if we remain here in so large a company, it will be a hard matter for us to escape detection. Let my Lord Yoritomo remain here alone, and his servant Sanéhira will find means of hiding him."

This counsel seemed good to them all, so they agreed to separate and went in different directions, Sanéhira alone remaining with his chief. In the meanwhile, the men of the house of Hei were hunting over hill and dale seeking Yoritomo; but one of their captains, who by some means had learnt Yoritomo's hiding-place, being a traitor to his own party, declared that he had searched Mount Ishibashi and found no trace of a human being, so the men of Hei spent their labour in searching the other hills.

One day, while Yoritomo was lying lost among the rocks of Mount Ishibashi, he took from his bosom a small figure of the Buddhist god Kwannon, and stowed it away in a secret cave. When Sanéhira saw this he wondered, and asked what was the reason of this strange act.

"I lay aside this sacred image," answered Yoritomo, "lest my head should fall into my enemies' hands and they should see the figure; for if they did, they would laugh at the chief of the house of Gen, saying that I am brave only because I trust in my patron saint. When I was a babe three years old, my foster-mother took me to the Temple of Kwannon, at

* *Ishigaki* signifies stone-fence, and *Ishibashi*, stone-bridge.

Kiyomidzu, near Kiyôto, and in the loving-kindness of her heart she prayed that I might prosper in the world. Fourteen days after this she saw a marvellous dream, and she gave me this little image of Kwan-non two inches long in commemoration of it. This is why I have treasured it ever since."

Soon after this the others returned, bringing with them a horse-load of provisions which they had received from the priest of Hakoné. 'Poor food it was—monk's fare—and they laughed as they set it before their lord; but the hungry man, be he lord or peasant, values any food above riches.

Those were the days of Yoritomo's deadly peril; how he escaped from the toils of his enemies and lived to be the ruler of the East, all these things are written in never-dying history.

From Yumoto to Odawara is but a short distance, and we reached our inn in time for the mid-day meal. The rivers were so swollen that they could no longer be passed, so we had to wait chafing for three days until the floods abated. Our route back to Yedo was along the great highway, past the places which I have already described: so of this expedition there is nothing left to say.

A. B. MITFORD.

From Saint Pauls.
OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER VI.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree."

MR. SAMPSON got slowly better, and when the snow had thawed, two doctors came to see him: one said one thing, and one another, and neither could decide on anything.

"If it was not a very low temperature in which he had sat, why had he been overcome by sleep?" said the one.

But the other answered, "If it had been cold enough to make him sleep, how was it that on awaking his limbs were not frost-bitten?" However, they gave him medicine, which did him good, and he got quite well again.

And now followed two years, during which we were governed by a succession of tutors, some of whom were very inefficient, and most of whom were very young. The last but one ran away, like the first, previously borrowing of my mother a

small sum of money which she had by her. In the reign of the tutor who followed him, our absent father began again to become an important personage in our estimation. I used to hear of his letters,—how he sent his love to us; and how mamma might now be able to go out to him to Australia, but that she could not take us with her, and could not afford to put us to school and leave us behind.

We also learnt that we owed our food and education entirely to our mother's exertions, and that the "Mathewmatics," as nurse had long ago called her different scientific investigations and studies, had proved profitable, for that though papa had prospered since he left England, he had not yet been able to pay the debts contracted before he left us.

Towards the end of these years prospects brightened. Many new clothes were made for us. Our mother, though she seemed happy, would sometimes look at us with a tender regret, and treat us with outward demonstrations of affection which were not usual with her. She also conversed with us much more than usual. A sort of instinct told me the reason: and one day, in the dusk of a summer evening, I put my arms round her neck and whispered, "Mamma, are you going to Australia?"

In the same tone she answered, "Yes, my dearest child, yes."

She wept and I wept for a few minutes.

"Are we going to school, mamma, and won't you let us come out to you soon?" I inquired, sobbing quietly.

She seemed unable to talk, but told me that my brother knew everything, and I might ask him.

So when we had kissed each other a great many times and cried together, I went to find Tom, and he told me that in one week mamma was going to sail, and that we were going to school.

This he told me in nearly as few words as I have here set down, adding that Uncle Rollin was so very kind that he had promised to take charge of us.

We knew this Uncle Rollin very well by reputation. My mother often talked of him. He had brought her up, acted like a father to her, and during her school-holidays she had spent many a happy week with him on board his yacht.

"But I thought he always lived in his yacht," I observed, "and had no house?"

So he did, Tom told me, and we were to go there also till it suited him to put us to school.

The very next morning Uncle Rollin appeared, together with a weather-beaten sailor. The first words we heard him say, after he had kissed our mother, were in praise of this sailor, who had been some years ago, he told us, steward of the "Nancy" of Havre.

We regarded Uncle Rollin with attention. He was ruddy, hale, and moreover, remarkably shy; while he ate his breakfast he maintained silence, unless when he spoke to the steward, in whose presence he seemed to find comfort, and who waited on him.

Uncle Rollin saw mamma shedding tears, and, in order to comfort her, forthwith began to describe his yacht—by name the "Curlew." He assured her that we should have many comforts while we were on board; and that as for the boy, if his tutor could take to a sea life, he might probably not send him away at all; that every fine Sunday, when he was in port, he landed and went to church, and in foul weather he had a church rigged in the chief cabin, so that there need be no fear lest we should grow up like heathens.

He was a very remarkable person. Even at that early age I was impressed by his peculiarities, his intense shyness, his dislike to being looked at, and his silence.

He had been brought up to the sea, and when young had been a lieutenant in the navy, but he had early left the service, and having come into possession of a handsome independence, he had chosen a way of life that developed his eccentricities more and more.

The "Curlew," as it appeared, was a handsome fore-and-aft schooner of three hundred tons, built upon the lines of a Bermuda clipper, and manned by a picked crew.

These facts conveyed little to our minds, but the manner in which they were said abundantly proved that the owner of the "Curlew" was proud of his yacht; accordingly, as we were about to sail in her, we became proud of her too, and hearing what a fast sailer she was, we were glad, for we supposed that would add to our dignity.

He talked for some time to our mother, and we gathered that this said fore-and-aft vessel (mysterious expression, meaningless, but fascinating) was fitted up with unusually large cabins. There was the chief cabin, whose size and convenience he greatly insisted on; there were three charming state-rooms; and, moreover,

there was an after cabin, which had been fitted up expressly for his late sister, was sometimes used as a sleeping apartment, and also as a drawing-room. This cabin I learned that I was to have so long as I remained on board. In one berth I was to sleep, and my clothes, my toys, and my books were to be disposed in the lockers.

My mother's face brightened as these contemplated arrangements were unfolded to her, and as for me, my heart danced with delight.

"And what had he done with the old brig?" she inquired.

The old brig was dear to her heart as the occasional home of her girlhood; and she and Uncle Rollin began to talk of the black hull as if it were a sentient thing, and with as much affection as they might have naturally felt if the said hull had been able to return the sentiment.

"I hope my boy and girl will be dutiful and good," she presently said.

"Why, as to children," he replied kindly, "I never did mind them; but this tutor, Mary Anne, he is a peaceable, quiet man, and will not make trouble and mischief, eh, Mary Anne?"

"He is the most passive of mortals."

"He can have one of the state-rooms, and your boy the other. I say, that boy has a head! Is he like what you were at his age?"

"He is not very different," said my mother, with a smile.

"Then I'll turn schoolmaster again, and teach him navigation."

Tom, upon this, was vehement in his thanks, and I, supposing that navigation must be a delightful study, cried out,

"And me too Uncle Rollin. I want to learn navigation."

Tom began to explain that navigation was not at all a fit study for a girl, but mamma checked him, perhaps because she knew that to be willing to learn navigation was to take the shortest way to the old man's heart.

Indeed, having thus favourably brought myself under his notice, he patted me on the head, and remarked that my mother was about my present height when she first began to sail in the old brig with him.

The old brig, as we afterwards learned, had been quite a crack vessel in her day, a privateer, and even now she looked well at sea, though she had suffered so much in a late gale that he had almost decided not to let her move from her moorings any more. We understood that several old mariners

were pensioned off by him, and allowed to find a congenial home in her. "And," said he, "the people had nothing to do, so I am employing them in caulking her sides and overhauling her standing rigging."

"And yet she is never to go to sea again," said our mother, in a tone of absolute regret.

"Not she, but I could not bear to strip her like a wreck."

After this Tom and I went out with our little sister Amy. Dear little Amy was going with mamma, and in the meantime we could hardly endure her out of our sight. We gave her the handsomest of our possessions, and the most gaudy of the pictures painted with our own hands, and she promised to learn to write running-hand that she might write letters to us.

When we came in we found poor mamma very nervous, and much agitated. Uncle Rollin was gone out "for a stretch" over the hills, and had said that he positively must leave her in two days and take us with him.

I will not attempt to describe the intervening two days. The anguish that children cause under such circumstances by their delight in the bustle, and their excitement of joy in the prospect of a change, we no doubt inflicted on our mother at intervals. We cried when we saw her distress, but we felt little real oppression of heart; and our boxes were packed, and they and our mother's great crates full of books, were travelling by a wagon across the country, and we were ten miles away from our mother and our little sister, and from the great green common, by breakfast time on the third day.

I was a strange little creature, as I gather from things that I have heard said since by people that knew me then. But no less strange was my new guardian; he was very silent, very ill at ease, the land sights and sounds oppressed him, he longed for his yacht, yet he took a curious interest in a bunch of wild flowers which some village children gave me when we stopped to change horses.

These children were coming from school. Tom and I had been allowed to get out of the chaise, and I was sitting on a mossy bank crying for my lost mamma, when they came up, and stopping before me, stared at me and my tears. At last the eldest girl among them asked me confidentially why I was crying, and I told her; whereupon she took up her small apron to wipe my cheeks, and these good little Samaritans presented me with posies, and gave me such comfort as they could.

What they said was not much to the purpose, I dare say, but it made me happier to talk. I remember one speech very well: it was a strange one, but true. I had said to the eldest girl that I was sure I should cry every day till I saw my mamma again.

"Oh, no, you won't miss," she answered. "Why, my mother died this spring, and I cried *ever so* at first, but now I never cry except when I go through the churchyard."

I said I did not wish to forget my mother. She answered that I should not forget, only I should get used to it.

What is there indeed that we cannot get used to? In manhood and womanhood we do not like to be reminded that such is the case, but childhood is less sophisticated, and I was pleased to be assured by this more experienced child that she had got used to the loss of her mother. If she no longer cried whose mother was dead, I hoped I should not cry long for mine, who was only a long way off.

We drove away, and I began to like Uncle Rollin. He shortly stopped the chaise, as he drove through a small town, and bought us some plums. He produced a new half-crown of resplendent brightness, and handed it to me to pay for them; and when I said what a pity it was to spend anything so beautiful, and proposed to go without the plums that he might keep it, he brought forward a shilling, paid the woman for her fruit, and when I handed him back the half-crown, he said, "Keep it, child."

Small refectations of cakes, buns, sandwiches, and fruit, were very frequently bought for us during the morning, and these proofs of his goodwill I thought more of than of all my mother had said to me of his kindness in adopting us; yet she had taken great pains to make us understand that we owed him all gratitude and obedience. She had also told us that in Australia we could not have been educated without almost as effectual a separation from her as had taken place under the present arrangement. Brisbane, to which she was going, did not appear to our young minds to be a very desirable locality, for papa's letters described rivers and creeks full of water-snakes, which the settlers sometimes made pies of, and sometimes blew up with gun-powder when they found them knotted together in unusual multitudes, in holes and crevices. Besides, he described a kind of caterpillar or grub, which both natives and settlers roasted, and thought very delicate eating. A place where snakes riddled the banks of

rivers full of holes, and where people ate caterpillars could not be a very nice place to live in. I only hoped my mother might never fall into the evil fashion of partaking of the roasts; and being now occupied with my flowers, I cried no more, excepting when I remembered how dull she would be without us; and with all my yearnings after her, I was quite unaware what a great loss she really was to me.

Evening came on, the July sun set, then it grew dark, and I fell sound asleep with weariness; but even in my dreams, little fool that I was, I thought of my dear mamma with sympathy, and wished she could know how comfortable we were.

At last somebody shook me. I woke, looked out of the window, saw the stars, and heard voices. Three sailors were standing by the chaise, it had stopped, and they were taking down the boxes.

Uncle Rollin led me across a meadow. I was very sleepy, and when we stopped, looking forward into the darkness, I saw numbers of stars glittering and wavering in the path, and understood that we were standing by the bank of a river; but I belonged to new people now, so though I was afraid I did not dare to say a word.

We were shortly put into a boat. They had said that we were going on board in the gig. Uncle Rollin himself had said that this was his gig; but sleepy as I was, I heard the splashing of oars, and thought I knew better. There was quite light enough after a time to show that we were alongside a black hull, and then there were lanterns to light us up a queer kind of ladder.

Every one has seen the cabin of a yacht, but how difficult it would be to describe it. When I had been carried down the companion into the chief cabin of the "Curlew," I became wide awake; and when I saw the rich fittings, the low ceiling, the strange lamp and fixed tables, and the general air of crowding and yet of order, I felt as if I was in fairy land, and this was an enchanted palace.

As I ate my supper I, however, soon became sleepy again, and nodded between each mouthful. But I must say that I was a little surprised at the conduct of my brother, who having something very hot given him to drink, became rather disrespectful, and insisted on singing a song. The captain said that the grog had got into his head, and I hoped it would soon come out, it made him look so red in the face; but I had not much time for speculation, for a respectable-looking woman en-

tered shortly, and received orders to take me to bed. She led me into a beautiful and luxurious little room, told me it was to be mine, and enlarged on its splendour and my fortunate position in being its sole possessor. I was amazed at the velvet and the gilding, and enchanted with my curious little bed, no less than with my new attendant, who told me she had formerly been the stewardess of a passenger vessel at the same time that her husband was steward, and that now she washed for my uncle, and mended and made his linen; but she was very glad we were come, for she had not half enough to do, and was often strangely dull. I might tell my mamma that she meant to be good to me. I might say that she was right glad to have me. "Mrs. Brand sent her respects," I could say, "and wished her to make her mind easy, for she should reckon it a pleasure to attend to me." I repeated this message to myself till I went to sleep, and in a vivid dream seemed to be telling my mother what a beautiful and most extraordinary place the "Curlew" was, and that she need not be uncomfortable about us, for though Tom had been tipsy once, Mrs. Brand said it would not happen again.

The next morning I woke and looked about me bewildered, the most wonderful thing I saw being the view through the tiny window close to my face. Oh, what a lovely sight!—a softly flowing river, with orange rays lying on it, and making it glorious and golden; a great precipice that went up and up and up so high, that though I pressed my face against the glass, I could not see the top of it; trees growing in the rents; ivy in round bushes hanging from, or in long ribands creeping up the face of the rock, and wavering reflections of the passing ripples flowing all over my berth. The softest possible sound of water, washing by and lapping the vessel's side, came to my enchanted ears, and I climbed down from my berth and began to dress with all expedition. Mrs. Brand came in shortly, told me it was late, but she thought I should have been tired, and therefore had not called me. She then opened a box, took out one of my new bonnets, a little cloak that mamma had made for me, and a sunshade, and desired that in future I would not rise till she came to me, for she should always wish to brush my hair herself. "Young ladies," she remarked, rather crossly, "had no call to wait on themselves, and ought not to think of it;" then looking over the contents of my boxes, she shook her head disconsolately, and said, "Bless my heart,

everything's new, there's not a stitch wanted anywhere."

"Mamma gave me some cotton, and I am to mend my clothes when they are torn," I said, by way of showing that I meant to be a good child.

"You are to do no such thing, miss," she answered, sharply. "I have particular orders—most particular, to wait on you myself."

She soon conducted me on deck, where I found Tom, and we stood gazing about us in mute astonishment. Opposite to us towered a grey rock, and here and there threw out fantastic masses of projection. Its summit was fringed with wood, and the narrow river looked like a lane of water, for the rock under which we lay was equally high, it was broken and rent, frilled with shrubs and dabbled with flashes of sunshine.

"I hope we shall stay here a long time," said Tom, after a pause of admiration.

"And I hope not," answered Mrs. Brand; "a dull place, with not a house to be seen—but I dare say you will get over your time very well. I should not wonder if you see Tintern, and Chepstow Castle, and you too, Miss, if you behave yourself pretty, and sit still in the gig."

"I know the ruins of Chepstow are very beautiful," said Tom.

"Well," replied Mrs. Brand, "they would be if they were in better repair. I don't think much of them myself, and the shops in Chepstow are very bad, and remarkably dear."

CHAPTER VII.

"Oft methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

AND now followed a week that I shall always think of with pleasure, because all things being so new and strange, made deep impressions; and partly owing to the loveliness of the scenery, partly to the perfect weather, and partly to the kindness of Uncle Rollin, all these impressions were delightful.

He loved fishing, and he loved solitude, and every morning, while Brand waited at breakfast, we used to hear orders given about fishing-tackle, bread and meat, and fruit, a case-bottle of spirits, and pea-coat, &c. These things followed in undeviating order; then he would take out his watch and name the exact time at which the gig was to be lowered; then he would

sigh, and there would come a pause,—sometimes this was a long pause, as if of doubt, but it generally ended by his saying to our infinite relief,

"Got any milk on board?"

"Got a quart, sir," the steward would reply.

"Then put up a bottle for the boy, and I suppose the child must go too."

This last concession always seemed to be wrung out of him after an internal struggle; and on hearing it we would murmur out our delight, but only in the quietest fashion, for he hated a noise, and seldom talked to us, though it appeared that he liked to hear our chatter together, for when we were talking with soft, subdued voices, he would sometimes pat us on the head and look at us with an air of amusement and pleasure.

We were expected, however, to be perfectly quiet in the boat, and we seldom expressed our pleasure excepting by stealthy glances at one another, till, perhaps after a long pull, he would steer for some level field, and put us ashore for two or three hours to run about and make as much noise as we pleased.

At the end of the week, as something had to be done to the yacht, he took us to an hotel close to the Wyndcliffs. Something almost always seems to want doing to a yacht, as far as I can see. She wants painting six times as often as a house. When she is in port, everything in her is overhauled, and any one would think that a day or two of work, after she starts on her voyage, would get her into sea trim; but no, from the day she leaves one port till she sails to another, they are always scraping and scrubbing her, though she has no chance of contracting any dirt or dust, excepting from the frequent tarring, the endless painting and varnishing, and the greasing that goes on. People usually suppose that there must be rest and quiet at sea, but I never saw any; sailors shout and sing so at their work, and, what with hauling and setting sail, with reefing and furling, and their climbing about in every direction night and day, the noisiest town is more quiet than the "Curlew" was when I was on board her.

So, as I said, we were taken to an hotel, and there we did not see much of our old uncle, but were generally under Mrs. Brand's care. She was allowed to hire a fly for us and take us about, and under her auspices we climbed over Banagar crags, and saw the green river beneath, with the little white boats on her bosom. Sometimes we were eight hundred feet high on

the npland of the Wyndcliff, or ran stumbling along among the ruins of Chepstow Castle.

Once we had a delightful treat: Uncle Rollin brought us down from Monmouth Bridge, through a strait called Bigs-weir, where the current is rapid, and the water eddies over slabs of green, slippery rocks, leaving only a narrow space for the passage of a boat.

I can imagine nothing more glorious than the view here: the rent rocks, the aspiring ramparts, grey below, green above, ever changing, but always fair.

When we reached Big's-weir Bridge, there was the pleasure of seeing the little mast lowered, while we went under the arch and sped on to Brook's-weir, where little schooners and sloops lay taking in their cargoes. There were two small vessels on the stocks here, and we heard the delightful tapping of the shipwrights, hammers as we passed; but all eyes were looking onward now, and when we had rounded the point of Lyn-weir, we could see the glorious ruin of Tintern Abbey aspiring and roofless.

I remember thinking to myself, "That old church does not look *good* — it looks angry and forlorn;" and when we landed and walked about under the dazzling green ivy, and beneath a deep blue sky, I felt as if I was taking a great liberty. I was inclined to shrink away. It was like examining the old and ragged gown of some dead queen. What right had we, indeed, spying about in these old people's places now they were not there to see? I felt as if they perhaps did see, though, all the time, and was very much relieved when we got to the river again.

Our tutor, Mr. Tolhurst, made his appearance while we were still at this hotel, but as he was supposed to know his duties towards us, Uncle Rollin never took the least notice of him beyond the first greeting, and never asked any questions even then.

Not so Mrs. Brand; she regarded him with great disfavour, and because the poor man made some remark tending to show that he meant to go out with us after our lessons, she rose, trembling with indignation, and gave him a piece of her mind. "What did he think she was there for? She would have him to know that she had particular orders to take care of us, excepting at such times as we were at our learning with him. He had no call so much as to think about us at other times." She was explaining this to him with great heat, and would have gone into

her qualifications for the task, if he had not cut her short by declaring his entire satisfaction, and marching off to smoke with much alacrity.

"Interfering fellow," she exclaimed, when he was gone; "if I wasn't sharp enough to look after my rights, there wouldn't be a thing left for me to do in this blessed world."

So she bore us off, and very happy we were with her, sometimes driving out, sometimes scrambling over the cliffs, and often going to see the lovely "Carlew," and fetch things out of her that might be wanted.

There was some talk of a cruise in the Mediterranean, and this, she told us, would be delightful; so we were sure it would. And we listened with the deepest interest to all her sea stories, though they abounded with phrases which conveyed little meaning to us. When she discovered this, she got books from the yacht and explained various matters to us, such as the difference between a full-rigged ship and a barque, which, she remarked, was so plain that she should have thought any child would have noticed it.

She also took a world of trouble to teach us the names of various sails; but I do not remember that I took a special interest in any one but the spanker, the after fore-and-aft sail. According to one of her stories the boom of this alarming sail had knocked a man overboard. I did not doubt the fact; Spanker seemed a name only suitable for people and things that knew how to lay about them, and I was greatly delighted when she said the yacht had no spanker. Tom seemed to be very quick at understanding all she chose to tell him about the yacht. I was very much the reverse; but she comforted me by assurances that I should soon learn when we got on board.

This desirable event at last took place. We were charged by Mrs. Brand to be "as good as gold," and we should see the anchor hove up. I did not think much of this sight; but the river in a great state of commotion and mud, and two little tug steamers backing and changing about like noisy, quarrelsome ducks, were well worth looking at. And when it was high tide, how busy every one was, and how grand it seemed to be towed out by one of them, and come rocking and curtseying on till we saw great ships and the blue delightful sea!

But my pleasure in this sight was soon over. I became first very unhappy, and then very ill. I was carried down by Mrs.

Brand and laid in my berth, and night and day, for nearly a week, I endured the misery of sea-sickness.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am sure Mrs. Brand was not glad I was ill, though she had the nursing of me. But I am sure she rejoiced to think that, if I was to be ill, she and no other woman had me in charge.

Every morning Uncle Rollin came to the side of my berth and consoled with me, and Tom used to sit by me and try to amuse me, but in vain. At last, one day, all at once it became calm. I opened my eyes, and saw the banks of a river. Tom ran down to congratulate. I might now get up. We were in smooth water, and about to cast anchor.

Mrs. Brand dressed me, and carried me on deck. This was the Orwell, I was told. Those pretty banks led up to the village of Holbrook, and this red and particularly ugly town that we were approaching was Ipswich.

I was so weak and ill that I sat on Uncle Rollin's knee, while Tom fed me with some soup, Uncle Rollin then for the first time showing a great liking for me, and seeming full of concern and self-reproach. However, he told me, by way of comfort, that, finding I did not take kindly to a sea-life, he had resolved to put me to school for a time, and there, he said, I should learn to play on the piano and do lambswool work like other little girls.

I was very much dejected on hearing this, but did not say anything, and shortly after the gig was manned, and we went on shore. I then asked Tom, who seemed very low and dull, whether there was any help for this, and he said "No." To my comfort and surprise he shed a few tears of regret at this inevitable parting. No action of his since my memory began had ever given me such pleasure, and to this day, when I think of it, I am glad.

How soon this to me important affair was arranged! Uncle Rollin had called on an old naval officer whom he knew, and asked if he could recommend a good school.

"My granddaughter," was the reply, "is with Mrs. Bell."

"Are they good to the girls there," asked my uncle, "and do they take 'em to church, and see that they read their Bibles?"

"All right as to that," replied the friend, "and the girls must be well cared for, they look so fresh and rosy."

This conversation Uncle Rollin repeated to me when he came on board. He had

not inquired the terms or any further particulars, but he had nearly decided to place me with this lady.

I cried when he told me so, and felt very desolate at the notion of leaving him. When I expressed this he was greatly gratified, and said, "Why, the child seems actually fond of me."

The next day, dressed in my best, and holding Tom by the hand, I walked with Uncle Rollin to call on and perhaps be left with the mistress of my future lot. We went down many narrow streets, and came at last to an ugly house, as I then thought it, but I was too much agitated to observe things keenly. We were shown into a parlour, and Uncle Rollin, made excessively nervous by my tears and Tom's perturbed manner, wiped his brow, groaned, and declared that he wished the business was well over.

A lady came in, a few hurried compliments were paid, and some kind directions given; then some parting kisses from both, and a present of five sovereigns from Uncle Rollin, and off they both went in urgent haste to terminate the nervous business.

And now the old thought recurs: if I write this truly I am in fear of Mrs. Bell even in this my chamber. What if she or the English teacher should ever see this at some future time! On the other hand what pleasure is it to me to write it unless I represent things as they really were? I think I will take a middle course, and avow that I was not happy, but I will not enter much into particulars.

Some of the things that made me uncomfortable, so dull and so lonely, were no fault of Mrs. Bell. Some were my fault.

One thing it was natural and inevitable that I should feel during those nine long years. This was the extreme youth of all the other pupils. I was the eldest when I entered; I became increasingly the eldest, for during the whole time of my stay no pupil left school at a more advanced age than ten years. I was thus utterly deprived of companionship. It was essentially a preparatory school. I admit that in my education this did not matter. My uncle paid most liberally, and Mrs. Bell procured excellent masters for me — and for me only. I took all my lessons alone, as far as fellow-learners were concerned.

In some matters, also, I had no just grounds for complaint. I had excellent food, a nice little bedroom, and my dress, which was provided by Mrs. Bell, was always in good taste, suitable, and ample.

One grievance there, was a sad disadvantage to a child whose mother was at a distance: all the letters were read, not excepting those addressed to her, and all the letters received were also read, before the girls saw them.

This was duly mentioned to Uncle Rollin, but he did not understand that it would soon shut me off from real intercourse with my family, and make me, as I grew up, a stranger to my mother and brother. My overlooked letters became short, stupid, and constrained, and in consequence the replies suffered, and were increasingly vague and meagre.

All the strange and unusual things that I knew were useless, and ignorance of music at first embittered my days. I had to practice three hours a day, but with no taste, and a strong yearning after other pursuits, I scarcely made any progress at first excepting in the theory.

No, certainly it is of no use my trying to persuade myself that those were happy years. They were not. I had none to love but the little chubby pupils; no one ever talked to me but the masters. I had no means at first of satisfying the cravings of my mind for information, for there were no books but school books. Of course there were no newspapers, and no walks out of doors, excepting in the regular routine. Moreover, I stayed at school during the holidays, and for three years I never saw Uncle Rollin or my brother.

Then I saw them both for one half hour. Oh, shall I ever forget how I looked at them, especially at Tom, and how my heart ached to see that assuredly if I had met him in the street I should not have known him!

He was a great fellow of fifteen, browned by exposure to sea breezes, and with a general air of a young naval officer about him. He was pleased to see me, and when he spoke I did not recognize his voice, it was so changed.

"Should you know me, dear Tom?" I ventured to ask.

"Know you?" he said laughing; "why you are not at all altered, and very little grown. What a little thing you are, Dorothy. I say," he continued, while Mrs. Bell talked to Uncle Rollin, "how tame you look, missy. You used to be such a bold, daring little creature; don't let them domineer too much; pluck up a little spirit."

My terror was very great lest Mrs. Bell should hear us whispering together, an act which was considered highly ill-bred. I did not dare to make an answer. "You

seem to have a nice view out of 'his window," he continued, walking up to it. I followed, surprised to hear him say so, and I saw in his hand, a large, a very large and bulky letter. I felt my heart beat, almost more with fear than with joy; and while I stood motionless, he walked around me, found my pocket-hole poked the great letter in himself, and continued to talk to me with easy assurance till I recovered my self-possession.

How soon that precious half hour was over. When Uncle Rollin rose to depart, I forgot the presence of Mrs. Bell, and burst into tears, imploring Tom not to forget me, and Uncle Rollin to let me come back soon.

Uncle Rollin was troubled, and began, "If she was not such a puny little thing I would take her back now." And he looked at Mrs. Bell, who, before Tom could say a word, assured him calmly, that it was quite essential I should remain at school a few years longer.

Tom gave her an expressive look, and said, with a smiling assurance that astonished me, "Very few indeed, I hope; for my sister was by no means ignorant when she came here."

Then they took leave of me; and for many weeks after, my little snatches of leisure were cheered by Tom's long delightful letter. It roused my courage, and nerved me to be indifferent to little discomforts, and bear all with a brave heart. Moreover, it told me of an arrangement which I soon felt the benefit of. I was to have a master to read English literature with me, and under his auspices I might read any books that the town library afforded. To this library my uncle had begun to subscribe for me, and when my dear master, a fresh, kind-hearted old clergyman, had read with me a few times I was much happier. I had so much more to think about. Moreover, I became fond of my master, liked to bear his dear heavy foot shuffling to the door, and liked to do and learn as much as I could, that he might be pleased with me. I was thirteen and a half years old, and could now play the base of duets as well as most children of eight. As I sat wearily practising, I had now the English master to expect, and Tom's letter to think about,—Tom's letter, which told me of hunting bears in Norway, or sailing into still fords, and in summer time seeing at the bottom of the clear water hundreds of blue lobsters creeping about, and sea anemones expanding like rows of prize chrysanthemums.

If the girls had been of my own age, and

Mrs. Bell had been in the least fond of me, the end of this would have been that I should have ceased to care for my relations, and have attached myself entirely to the people about me. As it was, I clung pertinaciously to the memory of my mother, Uncle Rollin, and Tom, and longed for the day when school life would be over. "A force de forger on devient forger," says the proverb. When I was sixteen I had practised till I absolutely began rather to like music; and this feeling gradually increased, till I found it quite pleasant to take my lessons.

I never excelled, but I played very tolerably, and sung, as I was assured, agreeably. When I was sixteen and a half I received a present of a gold watch from Uncle Rollin, together with six sovereigns, and the assurance that he and Tom would come to see me very soon. Of course I expected them joyously for a week; then I expected them anxiously for another week; then I expected them with the sickness of hope deferred for a third week; and then I became ill, for the first and only time while I was at school. I believe nothing was the matter with me but disappointment. It was during the Midsummer holidays. I became very thin, very pale, and feverish; could not eat, sleep, or sit up; and at last a doctor was sent for. He ordered that I should be sent to Felixstowe, a charming little place, twelve miles from Ipswich.

I was sent with the English teacher for a month, and came home quite cheerful, and almost strong. I had found sharks' teeth in the cliff, bought pieces of amber of the women who polished them, and enjoyed the sight of the sea.

I also saw lying at anchor, the *brig*, that famous brig in which my mother had spent her girlhood. It lay not far from Landguard fort, and I could see the old sailors on board, but of course they knew nothing about me; and my timid proposal that we should take a rowing boat and go out to her with some tobacco and tea, bought with my money, was received with such horror that I never ventured to allude to it again.

After my return came the first real sorrow of my life, but it was broken to me with a kindness and considerate indulgence which made me feel as if I was among friends for the first and only time during those dull years.

Ah, well, I cannot describe this,—my hasty rush down-stairs, on hearing that there was a letter for me, the sudden pause, the slow quiet with which I was told to sit

down, and the cold that seemed to drive in upon my heart when still there was silence.

My mother was dead; her death had taken place some time before my illness, and one of the first thoughts that flashed into my mind was of bitter regret that she would never read those letters that I had written to her from Felixstowe; and which I had been allowed by the English teacher to post unread. They were the only natural, unrestrained letters I had sent her since our parting, but I hoped she did not want them now.

My precious mother! and her illness had been so short, but I knew she would have mentioned her far off children if she had been able. It was my father who wrote, and he said very little,—even that was not all about my mother, for he added his thankfulness for Uncle Rollin's goodness to us, and his hope that I was grateful and content.

I was greatly grieved. I had so much indulged the hope of one day going out to her, and being with her when she was old, and yet I was quite aware, young as I was, that mine could not be a very intelligent estimate of her character: I felt, even then, that she was doubtless far above what I knew of her. I had only lost a *child's* mother, whom I recollected as careful over me, indulgent and kind; but as my own mind and feelings expanded, I had believed and known that I should find her as different from what I had seemed to part from, as I was myself different from the child-daughter who had been so sorry for her on the going away.

"She died as she had lived, in the fear of God, and in the peace and hope of the gospel."

Those were my father's words. Just at first I gave way to a passion of sorrow, but after the day when those sorrowful tidings came to me I always knew that my grief could be nothing compared with that of a child who loses a present parent. The hope of something that I had craved for was gone—the hope of her company; but the actual difference caused by her removal was only the ceasing of those formal letters she had sent me, knowing when she wrote that they would be read over before I saw them. Letters from Tom or from Uncle Rollin were of very rare occurrence now, and all my life seemed to be narrowed into the books I was reading and the languages I was learning.

When I was seventeen I had, however, a great pleasure, for Mrs. Bell, having a sick friend who lived at Norwich, took lodg-

ings there during the midsummer holidays in order to be near her, and took me with her.

So I saw the place where they know all about angels, and I was allowed to be a good deal in the Cathedral. It was like a glimpse of Paradise to me, and a renewal of babyhood.

After this — that is, in the spring of the next year — I was taken to London, in obedience to a mandate from my uncle, who sent a handsome sum of money to pay all the expenses. Accordingly Mrs. Bell went with me herself, and left her little scholars under the care of her younger sister. It was all so arranged as to be part of my education. The museums, the picture-galleries, the buildings were all to be studied in a conscientious and plodding way, with books in her hand and in mine, that I might be quite sure I had learned all I possibly could from them.

It was on the first of June during this same year, and I was between eighteen and nineteen, when the next promise came from Uncle Rollin that he would call and see me.

I was practising music when the letter was given me; and oh, the tumult of my mind as I read! Tom was not with him, he said; an old friend of his, a Mr. Mompesson, had asked him to come and stay a few days at his parsonage.

Fully grown up and still at school. No talk of my leaving it yet. How my heart sickened and fainted to be alone with him, if only for an hour, that I might learn what he meant to do with me, something of Tom's prospects, my father's circumstances, and a thousand other things that I was ignorant of. Could he be come to release me and take me on board with him? That I scarcely dared to think of.

I heard a knock at the door, my music came to an end, and my heart appeared to stop too. The visitor was ushered in, and oh, happy chance! for several minutes I was alone with him. My delight was far too great to be disguised: he and Tom were all I had to love in this hemisphere; and though I ought to have remembered that his hatred of a scene was strong enough to make him run away from me, I expressed it in no measured terms.

At first he was alarmed, then he held me from him with an air of great surprise, and as I hung about him he put his hand on my head, and said kindly, "Why, you are but a little creature, my dear; you look

like a child still — shall we never make a woman of you?"

Oh, I thought it a cruel chance that I looked so young. Tears choked me, I could not beg him to take me with him; and Mrs. Bell now entering, I felt my vehemence subside; habitual decorum prevailed; I dried my eyes, and felt with aching distress of mind, that he had not come to take me away.

They talked on commonplace themes, my growth, my progress, the crops, the weather. Uncle Rollin looked shy, and so great was the agitation of my mind that I could not summon courage to ask, before Mrs. Bell, whether I might leave school; and I believe he would actually have gone away again without hearing my voice any more if, in stooping to kiss me, he had not said —

"Well, my dear, is there anything you want?"

"Oh yes, uncle," I exclaimed.

"My dear!" expostulated Mrs. Bell, "I am surprised. Is this the decorum I expect from Miss Graham?"

"There is something," I repeated, hardly knowing what I said, "oh, there is something that I want so much." He had told me in his letter that he had put into Harwich because the "Curlew" wanted something done to her, and I supposed, erroneously, as it appeared afterwards, that he was living on board the other vessel; so when he repeated kindly, "Well, you have never asked a favour of me all these years, so Mrs. Bell will excuse you, I hope — what is it?" I exclaimed as boldly as excessive agitation would permit, "I want to go and spend a day with you, uncle, on board the brig."

"On board the brig!" repeated Mrs. Bell, in a faint tone of ladylike alarm.

I was holding his hand, and rendered desperate by exceeding desire for only one private conversation with him, repeated,

"Pray do, uncle — I have never been away, never been with you for years! I want to hear about my brother."

A ball seemed to rise in my throat, and a mist swam before my eyes, when I said these audacious words in the august presence of her to whom they would, I knew, be so displeasing; but so much depended on them that I forgot for once to be afraid, and burst into a passion of tears, while Mrs. Bell looked at me with grave reproof.

Uncle Rollin meantime stood mute, overcome by shyness and surprise. But determined, if possible, to gain my point, I

dried my eyes, and vehemently entreated that I might go with him, saying, "Uncle, you said I had not asked a favour all these years."

"So I did," he repeated.

"Then will you, oh will you grant me this one? May I put on my bonnet and go with you for this one day?"

"Well—yes," he answered, slowly. And without waiting to hear another word, I flew upstairs, snatched my bonnet, gloves and mantle from the drawer, and ran down equipped for the day in less than two minutes.

Terror shook my limbs as, on reaching the foot of the stairs, I encountered my uncle, looking very hot, and shy, and Mrs. Bell in high indignation, and with a peculiarly set expression of firmness about her lips.

He seemed in a great hurry as well as in a great fright, and taking my hand led me hastily to the door. Mrs. Bell was explaining that she could not send for me in the evening; my uncle only replied that it was of no consequence, wished her good morning, and I heard the door shut after us with a thrill of incredulous joy.

But after such a daring action as that I had committed, came the inevitable consideration of what would become of me when I returned in the evening, and had to bear the brunt of Mrs. Bell's anger all alone.

So much did this thought damp my joy that I could not say a word, but hurried with my uncle through the town down St. Matthew's Street, and even a little way along the Whitton Road before I remembered that we were leaving the river behind us.

He was quite as much bewildered as I was; in fact, we were both, as it were, running away.

"Uncle," I ventured to say, "we are not going the right way; we must turn and go down St. Peter's Street."

"Ah, true, true," he replied; and he came back with every appearance of perturbed feeling.

At last we reached the bridge; it was high-water. I saw, to my joy, the white boat that I remembered so well, and I recognized the steward, who was evidently lingering about, looking for Uncle Rollin.

In three minutes we were in that boat. And now what good had my hardly-won holiday done me? Of course I could not talk to my uncle before the sailors. I was not at all sure that he was pleased with me, for he sat very gravely and silently, with the tiller ropes in his hands, and with-

out giving me any look of kindness or encouragement.

We rowed past the wharves, and reached the broader portion of the river, then we put up a sail; but even with this advantage I knew that we should not reach Landguard fort till two o'clock, and my mind became distracted with anxiety as to how I was to get back again, and what would be said and done to punish me and mortify me if I did not reach home till the middle of the night.

Still, not a word did my uncle say; and aware that, bad as things were, I had entirely brought them on myself, I sat gravely before him trying to think of some plan by which I might return, and almost forgetting that craving for information about my family which had lately almost absorbed my mind.

At last we approached not the brig, but the "Curlew;" she was radiant with fresh paint, and was lying in Downham Reach, evidently expecting us.

Nothing was said to me, but I went up her side when my uncle did, and followed him into the chief cabin. Once at home in his yacht, his constraint vanished, he first laughed with some exultation, then kissed me kindly, and then taking a survey of me, said, but with some hesitation, that I was welcome. Dinner was brought in, but I, still revolving my return to Ipswich, sat down with my bonnet on.

"Come, child," said my uncle, "have you forgotten your old berth? Go and look at it."

I went to my cabin. How pretty and fresh it was, newly fitted up with green and gold, and how little I cared for that.

Mrs. Brand appeared, and seemed pleased; till looking at my troubled countenance, she guessed that something was wrong. Her old desire for something to do however, induced her to ask if she might arrange my hair, and before it was finished, my uncle came to the door, and I made haste and went with him to the chief cabin, where, when we had seated ourselves at table, he again laughed exultingly, and proceeded to heap my plate with meat and salad.

"What are you thinking of?" he inquired, when he found that I could neither eat nor talk.

"Mrs. Bell," I answered.

"I thought so, but she won't come on board. I've put three long reaches of water between us."

"But what will she say?"

"What do I care? I shall not go to hear it, I shall send Brand."

"Will you send a message then, and beg her not to be displeased with me?"

"Why? it is no affair of yours."

"If we are not at home till the middle of the night," I answered, "Mrs. Bell will never forgive me."

"Why," exclaimed my uncle, sitting upright in his chair and staring at me, "I do believe the child thinks she is going back again."

Never shall I forget what I felt when I heard these remarkable words. I looked at his kind face, to be sure that he was not joking; then I looked about me with a curious notion that I could not really be on board the "Curlew," listening to the flow of the water, and watching those golden wavelets floating on the sides that I had thought of and dreamed of so long.

"Well," said Uncle Rollin, "can you eat your dinner now?"

"No, Uncle."

"Let me have no hysterics—I hate scenes."

"So do I."

"You don't want to go back to school do you?"

"Oh, no."

"Very well, and I don't want to take you back. I came on purpose to fetch you away, but *your mistress* put me in such a fright that I could not tell her so."

"I am going to stay here really and truly, and never going to see Mrs. Bell any more?"

"Really and truly going to stay away, and never going to see Mrs. Bell any more, with my consent,—that is the exact state of the case; enough to say about it. I am hungry, I want my dinner, and I want to see you eat yours."

From the Daily Advertiser.

*** WANTED—A RELIGION FOR THE HINDOOS.***

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. CLARK.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

In the supplement to your paper of February 17 appeared an article, credited to Fraser's Magazine,* with the above title, which, under the disguise of a colloquy between a learned Brahmin and a young and inexperienced missionary, makes a pretty vigorous onslaught upon the entire missionary enterprise. The Brahmin belongs to the school of the Brahmo Somaj, and speaks very complacently of the pure

Theism and of the pure and holy religious belief to be found in the ancient books of India, though mingled with chaff and rubbish; and after having shown up the mistakes of missionaries, and given some good advice to missionary societies in general, suggests the proper course to be pursued in India,—to hold up to the people the pure Theism of their ancestors, in the expectation that they will in due time be led to Christianity from the inability of the first to meet their spiritual wants.

This would be indeed a very happy conclusion if the premises were only sound, and if there were garnered up in the old books of the Hindoos such a store of "truths and sentiments as exalted as any that are to be found in any religion in the world." The frequent repetition of this statement may secure it credence without helping its truthfulness.

But my object is now not to follow the Brahmin through all the steps of his argument, but in a few instances only, to call attention to the false impressions given by the ingenious suppression of the truth. We are informed that everything connected with missions "is a blunder," that in many instances we "have selected the wrong races to commence with," and "pitched upon the worst possible places" for carrying on operations. From all that appears in this article the missionary enterprise might be supposed to have been at every point a wretched failure.

1. As to the races chosen. The impression given is that the strong races of India and China have been neglected for the weak tribes of the South Seas, etc. Carey, who was among the first to awaken the church to the work of modern missions, went to India; the first foreign missionaries from this country were sent out to India as early as 1820; out of 455 foreign missionaries, 152 were to be found in India; and to-day, out of the 2165, 551 are reported in India! The following statistics, taken from Dr. Butler's "Land of the Veda," just published, will show what is being done by the Christian church in that country: Missionary societies in Europe and America engaged there, 26; languages employed, 23; stations and out-stations, i. e., cities and villages where the gospel is regularly preached by missionaries or native preachers, 2835; native pastors, 406; other native preachers, 2784; school teachers, 3422; native churches, 772; church members, 70,857; members of the Christian community, 273,478; scholars in Christian schools, 137,323; contributions of the native Christians last year, \$43,101;

of English residents having the amplest opportunity of judging of the character of the work done, \$151,787. In view of these facts we respectfully submit whether it may not be possible that Christianity is in a fair way to become the religion of the Hindoos, and whether it is true that India has been neglected. But for the long-continued opposition to missionary efforts on the part of the East India government, and the English patronage and moral support of idolatry, with the idea that the people might thus be conciliated to English rule,—an idea which it took the Sepoy rebellion to refute finally and effectually,—the missionary work would have made vastly greater progress. Yet, apart from converts, a mighty change has been wrought in the knowledge and conviction of the people. The Brahmo Somaj Society is itself the result of the enlightenment in progress. "Everywhere do the Hindoos confess that an idol is nothing, and that bathing in the Ganges cannot really wash away sin." So wrote Dr. Mullens after ten year's residence and large observation in India.

Lord Napier, the governor of the Madras presidency, after a personal inspection of the various mission fields, in an address delivered at Tanjore on the 26th of October last, used the following language: "Memory will offer no more attractive pictures than those which will reproduce the features of missionary life. . . . I have been present at his ministrations; I have witnessed his teachings; I have seen the beauty of his life." After naming seven different societies, he adds: "All have given me the same welcome. . . . I have seen them engaged in drawing human souls to the same God and the same Saviour, in teaching the same learning, in healing the same disease with the same science, in making men happier and better subjects of the same sovereign. . . . The benefits of the missionary enterprise are felt in three directions, in converting, teaching and civilizing the Indian people. The progress of Christianity is slow, but it is undeniable. Every year sees the area and the number slightly increase. . . . Missionary agency, in my judgment, is the only agency that can at present bring the benefits of teaching home to the humblest orders of the population. . . . Nothing has struck me more than the intelligent confidence which reigns between the missionary and the Zemindar, between the Englishman and the Hindoo, between the teacher and the taught." "In conclusion, I must express my deep sense of the importance

of missions as a general civilizing agency in the south of India. Imagine all these establishments suddenly removed! How great would be the vacancy! Would not the government lose valuable auxiliaries? Would not the poor lose wise and powerful friends? The weakness of European agency in this country is a frequent matter of wonder and complaint. But how much weaker would this element of good appear if the mission was obliterated from the scene! It is not easy to overrate the value, in this vast empire, of a class of Englishmen of pious lives and disinterested labors, living and moving in the most forsaken places, walking between the government and the people, with devotion to both, the friends of right, the adversaries of wrong, impartial spectators of good and evil." [Mission Field, Feb., 1872, pp. 44-46.] We need not stop to discuss the question of caste. That was settled long ago. The experiment was tried by the early missionaries and needs no repetition.

One word as to China. It was not our fault that we did not begin in that country sooner, as Morrison, Bridgman and others bear witness. That we are improving our opportunities there and elsewhere is shown by nearly two hundred missionaries pressing their way into China through every open port, and vigorously knocking at the closed gates of Japan.

And the other races, the Arabs, for example,—on whom has been spent so much labor of the ablest men,—are they a weak race? (Shades of Almansor and Haroun Alraschid!)—and the Armenians? and the Turks? and the Bulgarians?

The Brahmin cites some of the early and unsuccessful efforts to establish missions in West Africa, but he ignores the brilliant successes of later years, the self-supporting churches of Sierra Leone, with a well-trained native ministry and twenty thousand communicants; and he has never heard of the two thousand miles of coast wrested from the slave traffic, and the substitution of the church and schoolhouse for the slave-pen!

Some ill-advised efforts in South Africa are referred to, but no allusion is made to the splendid triumphs of the gospel among the Namaquas, the Bechuanas, the Bassutos and the Zulu-Caffres, and the tens of thousands brought under the influence of Christian civilization.

The Brahmin has heard of the Greenland of twenty years ago, but not of the Greenland of to-day, when half the population is regarded as Christian. He cites

the embarrassments and the disappointments that have attended the missionary enterprise at particular points, but fails to recognise the grand results of the work as a whole. He spends a good deal of time in criticizing missionary operations in the South Seas. As missionary testimony might be deemed one-sided, we would beg to refer him to Darwin, Admiral Fitzroy of the English navy, and Admiral Wilkes of our own. I will quote two short passages from Darwin (*Voyage of a Naturalist*, vol. 2, pp. 188, 192, American edition):—

"Before we laid ourselves down to sleep, the elder Tahitian fell on his knees, and with closed eyes repeated a long prayer in his native tongue. He prayed as a Christian should do, with fitting reverence, and without the fear of ridicule or any ostentation of piety. At our meals, neither of the men would taste food without saying beforehand a short grace. Those travellers who think that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him, should have slept with us that night on the mountain side.

"On the whole, it appears to me that the morality and religion of the inhabitants are highly creditable. There are many who attack, even more acrimoniously than Kotzebue, both the missionaries, their system, and the effects produced by it. Such reasoners never compare the present state with that of the island only twenty years ago, nor even with that of Europe at the present day; but they compare it with the high standard of gospel perfection. They expect the missionaries to effect that which the Apostles themselves failed to do. Inasmuch as the condition of the people falls short of this high standard, blame is attached to the missionary, instead of credit for that which he has effected. They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifices and the power of an idolatrous priesthood—a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world—infanticide, a consequence of that system—bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is base ingratitude, or should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended so far."

"Sixty years ago," says the report of the

London Missionary Society for 1836, "there was not a solitary native Christian in Polynesia; now, it would be difficult to find a professed idolater in the islands of Eastern or Central Polynesia, where Christian missionaries have been established. . . . On the return of the Sabbath, a very large proportion of the population attend the worship of God, and in some instances more than half the adult population are recognized members of Christian churches. They educate their children, endeavoring to train them for usefulness in after-life."

But enough. We need not multiply illustrations. We pass the story of the Sandwich Islands, the ninety thousand Fejeeans gathered regularly for worship on the Sabbath, and the marvellous work now in progress in Madagascar.—the Christian community of a few hundreds in 1860, enlarged to more than two hundred thousand in 1872.

The Indian tribes of this country have shared in the Christian sympathies of the friends of missions. The labors of Eliot and the Mayhews, and the thirty villages of praying Indians in the neighborhood of Boston and in the old Plymouth Colony, are precious memories in New England. The American Board alone has spent more than a million of dollars, and hundreds of noble men and women have devoted their lives to efforts in behalf of the Indian race; schools have been established, and thousands of communicants have been gathered into churches, the arts and usages of civilized life have been introduced. If the results have not been permanent, nor all that one could wish, it has not been the fault of the missionary enterprise, but of other influences which we need not detail here. At least a Christian obligation to a perishing race has in part been fulfilled.

It is not true that the stronger races have been neglected for the weaker, nor is it proper to regard the efforts in behalf of the weaker as a failure. They have illustrated in a most striking manner the power of the Gospel in the social and moral elevation of every class of mankind, the lowest as well as the highest. In fact, in obedience to the great commission, the missionaries have gone into all the world, till they have translated the Bible wholly or in part into nearly two hundred languages, and have given the Gospel to some portion of all the principal nations and tribes of the children of men.

2. As to places. The missionaries have chosen the most central, those best fitted for the widest influence. They are to be

found at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Canton, Shanghai, Peking, Yedo, Cairo, Beirut, Constantinople—just as Paul and his associates visited Antioch, Athens, Corinth and Rome. If there is "blundering" here it is in accordance with good examples, and attended with remarkable results. Who shall estimate them?

The limits of this article forbid going into details. We must content ourselves with referring to the twelfth chapter of Dr. Anderson's recent work on foreign missions— a chapter that in the annals of modern missions ranks with the eleventh of the Epistle to the Hebrews in the annals of faith.

3. Education. As special reference is made in the paper under review to the Educational efforts of missionaries, it may not be amiss to state what may be regarded as the received mission policy. It is not the one indicated by the Brahmin. He has singled out the *one* effort which is now almost universally condemned by all missionary societies. The method now pursued is not altogether uniform, but is substantially this: in going to an uneducated people, to teach all, old and young, as far as possible, to read, thus opening to them the gates of knowledge, and enabling them to study the Scriptures for themselves; and, in the next place, to select young men and women for special training to engage in Christian work. There are, at the present time, in mission schools, more than 360,000 youth of both sexes under Christian instruction; and, judging from the example of the American Board, not less than 12,000 of them are in boarding-schools, preparing, under the most favorable influences, to take part in the work of evangelization.

It is through natives thus prepared that the evangelization of every people is to be effected, not by the little company of foreign missionaries, scattered abroad, "two or three" in a place, in the midst of hundreds of thousands. The missionaries but follow apostolic example in gathering churches, setting *native* pastors over them, and then retiring from the work.

A single example must suffice to show the method and its feasibility. Three missionaries, about fifteen years ago, were sent to Harpoot, a city in eastern Turkey, the centre of a region twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, with a population of half a million or more. This was *their* field. Aided by two single ladies for a part of the time, they have done their best to cultivate it. More than five thousand persons have been taught

to read; one hundred and twenty young men, taught in their training-school, are now acting as preachers or native helpers, and over sixty young women from the female boarding-school are engaged as teachers and bible women. The people are taught to sustain their own schools and churches as soon as able to do so. Ten out of eighteen churches are already self-supporting, and the rest are partially so.

But the above statistics give but a very imperfect idea of what has been accomplished in awakening the people to new life; in the general enlightenment, in the new impulse given to education and social progress. One missionary at Harpoot, for example, has ordered for natives in that region more than a hundred fanning mills. Indeed all sorts of implements for use in agriculture and in the mechanic arts and school furniture, to the amount of thousands of dollars a year, are passing through the missionary house at Boston, ordered and paid for by natives, at the instance of missionaries. A mowing machine has just gone to South Africa; the first reaping machine to Central Turkey; seventy-five sets of outline maps for the schools in Ceylon, and \$100 worth of the same to Eastern Turkey. New hopes and aspirations are everywhere awakened by the Gospel.

This is the method pursued at more than twenty central points in the Turkish empire. The Syria College and other first-class educational institutions at Beirut; Robert College, with its one hundred and fifty students at Constantinople; seminaries for both sexes of a high grade; the printing press turning off last year from fifteen to twenty millions of pages in six different languages; thirty thousand school-books put in circulation in a single year; forty newspapers published at the capital; macadamized roads and railways in progress; telegraphic communication with all important points; these are some of the indications of the life in this empire. Other causes have had their place, but the great agency in effecting these changes has been the Gospel of Christ in its developing, quickening power.

This is the *missionary* method,—two or three families at a central station, raising up an efficient native agency, developing independent, self-supporting, self-propagating churches, and then withdrawing to other fields. The object is not to Americanize or Anglicize, but to *evangelize*, to introduce the leaven of Christianity and

then to let it work its appropriate results in accordance with the native endowments and circumstances of the people who receive it.

"Everything connected with your missions is a blunder," says the Brahmin to this young and inexperienced missionary. Yet, as the results of missionary enterprise, ten thousand native preachers, in more than a hundred different languages, unite with the missionaries of many lands in repeating the story of the Cross; and three hundred thousand disciples in Christian communities numbering more than a million, gathered from almost every tribe of the children of men, bear witness to its saving power, and the blessed hopes it inspires. And then the Bible and a Christian literature in most, if not in all of these many tongues; the undermining of heathenism; the despair of the popular faiths; the conviction that the truth is with us, and all the vast preparation for the final conquest! Give us fifty years more of the same sort of "blundering," and we will hope to have the Gospel in every household, and opportunities for Christian instruction within the reach of every child of the human race!

N. G. CLARK.

Missionary House, Boston, March 15, 1872.

FROM A "NEW DISCOURSE OF TRADE."

BY SIR JOSIAH CHILD. London: T. Soule, A.D. 1693.

THE Prodigious increase of the Netherlands in their Domestick and Foreign Trade, Riches and multitudes of Shipping, is the envy of the present, and may be the wonder of all future Generations: And yet the means whereby they have thus advanced themselves, are sufficiently obvious, and in a great measure imitable by most other Nations, but more easily by us of this Kingdom of *England*: which I shall endeavour to demonstrate in the following Discourse.

Some of the said means by which they have advanced their Trade, and thereby improved their Estates, are the following.

First, They have in their greatest Councils of State and War, Trading Merchants, that have lived abroad in most parts of the World; who have not only the Theoretical Knowledge, but the practical Experience of Trade, by whom Laws and Orders are contrived, and Peaces with foreign Princes projected, to the great Advantage of their Trade.

Secondly, Their Law of Gavel-kind,

whereby all their Children possess an equal share of their Father's Estates after their decease, and so are not left to wrestle with the world in their Youth, with considerable assistance of Fortune, as most of our youngest Sons of Gentlemen in *England* are, who are bound Apprentices to Merchants.

Thirdly, Their exact making of all their Native Commodities, and packing of their Herrings, Cod-fish and all other Commodities, which they send abroad in great quantities; the consequence whereof is, The repute of their said Commodities abroad continues always good, and the Buyers will accept of them by the Marks without opening; whereas the Fish which our *English* make in *New-found-Land* and *New England*, and *Herrings* at *Yarmouth*, often prove false and deceitfully made; and our *Pilchards* from the *West Country* false packed, seldom containing the quantity for which the Hogsheads are marked in which they are packed.

And in *England* the attempts which our Fore-fathers made for regulating of Manufactures, when left to the execution of some particular Person, in a short time resolved but into a Tax upon the Commodity, without respect to the goodness thereof; as most notoriously appears in the business of the *AULNAGE*, which doubtless our Predecessors intended for a scrutiny into the goodness of the Commodity; and to that purpose a Seal was invented as a signal that the Commodity was made according to the statutes; which *Seals* it is said, may now be bought by Thousands, and put upon what the buyers please.

Fourthly, Their giving great encouragement and immunities to the Inventors of New Manufactures, and the Discoverers of any New Mysteries in Trade, and to those that shall bring the Commodities of other Nations first in use and practice among them; for which the Author never goes without his due Reward, allowed him at the Publick Charge.

Fifthly, Their Contriving and Building of great Ships to Sail with small Charge, not above one third of what we are at, for Ships of the same Burthen in *England*; and compelling their said Ships (being of small Force) to Sail always in Fleets, to which in all times of Danger they allow convoy.

Sixthly, Their parcimonious and thrifty living, which is so extraordinary that a Merchant of one hundred thousand pound Estate with them will scarce spend so much *per Annum*, as one of Fifteen Hundred Pound Estate in *London*.

Seventhly, The Education of their Children, as well Daughters as Sons; all of which, be they of never so great Quality or Estate they always take care to bring up to write perfect good Hands, and to have the full knowledge and use of *Arithmetic* and *Merchants Accounts*; the well understanding and practice whereof, doth strangely infuse into most that are the owners of that Quality of either Sex, not only an ability for Commerce of all kinds, but a strong aptitude, love and delight in it; and in regard the women are as knowing therein as the Men, it doth encourage their Husbands to hold on in their Trades till their dying days, knowing the capacity of their wives to get in their Estates, and carry on their Trades after their Death; Whereas if a Merchant in *England* arrive at any considerable Estate, he commonly withdraws his Estate from Trade, before he comes near the confines of old Age; reckoning that if God should call him out of the World while the main of his Estate is engaged abroad in Trade, he must lose one third of it, through the unexperience and unaptness of his Wife to such Affairs; and so it usually falls out.

Besides, it hath been observed in the nature of *Arithmetic*, that like other parts of the *Mathematicks*, it doth not only improve the *Rational Faculties*, but inclines those that are expert in it to Thriftiness and good Husbandry, and prevents both Husbands and Wives in some measure from running out of their Estates, when they have it always ready in their Heads what their expences do amount to, and how soon by that course their ruin must overtake them.

Eighthly, The lowness of their Customs and the height of their *Excise*, which is certainly the most equal and indifferent Tax in the World, and less prejudicial to any people as might be made appear, were it the subject of this Discourse.

Ninthly, The careful providing for and employing their Poor, which, it is easy to demonstrate, can never be done in *England* comparatively to what it is with them, while it's left to the care of every Parish to look after their own only.

Tenthly, Their use of Banks, which are of so immense advantage to them, that some not without good grounds have estimated the Profit of them to the Publick, to amount to at least one Million of Pounds Sterling per Annum.

Eleventhly, Their Tolleration of different Opinions in matters of Religion; by reason whereof many Industrious People of other

Countries, that dissent from the Established Government of their own Churches, resort to them with their Families and Estate and after a few years co-habitation with them, become of the same common Interest.

Twelfthly, Their Law Merchants, by which all Controversies between Merchant and Tradesmen are decided in three or four days time, and that not at the fortieth part (*I might say in many cases not the hundredth part*) of the charge they are with us.

Thirteenthly, The Law that is in use among them for *Transference of Bills for Debt* from one Man to another: This is extraordinary advantage to them in their Commerce; by means whereof, they can turn their Stocks twice or thrice in Trade, for once that we can in *England*; for that having sold our Foreign Goods here, we cannot buy again to advantage, till we are possess of our Money; which it may be we shall be six, nine, or twelve Months in recovering; and if what we sell be considerable, it is a good Man's work all the Year to be following Vintners and Shop keepers for Money. Whereas, were the Law for Transferring Bills in practice with us, we could presently after Sale of our Goods dispose of our Bills and close up our Accounts. To do which the Advantage, Ease, and Accommodations it would be to Trade, is so great that none but Merchants that have lived where that custom is in use can value to its due proportion.

Fourteenthly, Their keeping up PUBLIC REGISTERS of all Lands and Houses, Sold or Mortgaged, whereby many chargeable *Law-Suits* are prevented, and the Securities of Lands and Houses rendered indeed, such as we commonly call them, REAL SECURITY.

Lastly, The lowness of Interest of Money with them, which in Peaceable Times exceeds not 3 per cent per annum; and is now during this war with *England*, not above 4 per cent at most.

Some more Particulars might be added, and those aforesaid further improved, were it my Purpose to Discourse at large of Trade.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
PHILO-TEUTONIC ITALY.

FLORENCE, Feb. 20.

THE gulf between the "liberators and the liberated" of 1859 is widening daily, and discussions like those in the Paris

press and Versailles Assembly concerning the French Legation in Rome are certainly not calculated to narrow it. To give every one his due, the estrangement and subsequent hostility are not the work of "ungrateful" Italy. It is France—apparently thinking herself too well off to need friends and allies—who has done everything to extinguish the remaining sparks of gratitude as well as natural sympathy which still lingered in Italian breasts, in spite of all the provocations from the other side the Alps; and there was more than one reason for this.

The whole education of Liberal Italy, both public and private, has been during this century essentially French. There is no Italian, even of the lower middle-classes, who does not speak and read French as fluently as his own language. The French press was for many years the only press the Italians knew, and indeed took the place of a journalism of their own, which was forbidden them. There is scarcely a cultivated Italian to be found who does not know his Victor Hugo and Lamartine quite as well as his Manzoni and Leopardi. Almost all Italians of the middle classes have lived in Paris for some time. They acquired their notions of recent and contemporary history exclusively from French sources, and were more familiar with Thier's and Mignet's writings than with Bocca's and Coletta's. Their philosophical and literary ideas were entirely French, and all their political life took a French shape; their conception of constitutional liberty, justice, administration, were entirely French, and in fact, their Statuto and their Parliament, their army and their National Guard, their tribunals and their new prefectures, are all organized on the French pattern. The help given to Italy in 1859 did a good deal towards strengthening this feeling of solidarity with France; and, although they had to pay for the "idea" with the solid cash of Savoy and Nice, although they were checked by France in the fulfilment of their national programme, the immense majority of political men in Italy still remained stanchly attached to France. Even the two parties apparently most opposed to the "Latin sister," parties which form an insignificant minority in the official political life of the kingdom, leaned upon France after all for support. The clericals knew that the Catholic Church nowhere possessed more vitality and power than in France, and never ceased to rely upon the eldest daughter of the Church.

The Republicans and Radicals, opposed to Napoleon III., Legitimism, and Orleanism, nevertheless saw their aim, their pattern, and their guiding star in the revolutionary traditions of Paris and in the French Democratic party.

These feelings had not even been greatly altered by the events of 1866. All the moderate Italians brought the fact of the liberation of Venice home to Napoleon III. and not to Bismarck, and the gratitude, far from being diminished by division, was on the contrary increased, in the governing party at least. When the war of 1870 broke out the Italians could of course not help seeing that this provocation of "la guerre sans motifs," as M. Thiers has it, was a criminal folly, nor did they carry their gratitude far enough to follow such an example and leap out of the window after their friend. They even took advantage of his momentary embarrassment to free themselves from his guardianship, and take what belonged to them—deeming themselves, not without reason apparently, arrived at years of discretion, and thinking that their tutor would certainly not interpret a natural wish to be masters of their own house as an act of ingratitude and hostility towards him. During the whole war, Italy, with the exception of the Radicals, took the part of the French. Not only the most important organs of public opinion, the *Perseveranza* and the *Opinione*, and the first Italian review, the *Nuova Antologia*, eloquently and warmly sustained the so-called solidarity of the Latin races, and violently attacked Germany for not accepting and applying the modern principle of plebiscites, but all the statesmen, in and out of Parliament, supported the same cause; and, when the patriotic movement broke out in Nice, the Government, in spite of the instances of the German Ambassador, could not be induced to encourage it, nor to take advantage of it. The only paper and the only political character of the Liberal moderate party who did take the German side were the *Nazione* of Florence and its eminent young editor Civinini. He was shunned by his whole party in consequence; and his posthumous letter—one of the noblest and most touching one can peruse—addressed to his electors, and published a few days ago by the *Nuova Antologia*, eloquently expresses his desire to withdraw from political life, not only from weariness, disgust, and physical exhaustion, but also and especially because "he feels himself obliged, in order to remain true to him-

self, to separate from his party; he alone in this party being convinced that new Italy will have to break with spiritual as well as temporal Papacy, to give up the French alliance and rely exclusively upon Germany." Now, the moderate Liberal party means all official Italy. Official, I say, for there is another Italy besides. There is, firstly, the powerful clerical party, who as yet follow the principles of *nè elettori nè eletti* (neither electors nor elected), but who, if they ever condescend to come on the stage, would play a most important part; and this part would certainly not be that of an ally of Prince Bismarck, after his recent speeches in the Prussian Parliament. Secondly, there is the Radical party, which thought to become masters of the State as soon as the capital was established in Rome and transferred from that nest of Liberal *Consorti*, Florence, but which has remained exactly where it was before and has been ever since 1860, acting the part of the personages in the Ciceronian dialogues necessary to give the principal interlocutor an opportunity of speaking, but devoid of any active influence whatsoever, since conspiracy has become an anachronism in free and open Italy. There is, moreover, a third Italy which is now dawning on the horizon, and of which poor Civinini was, if I may say so, the precursory symptom, the first grey light—I mean young, Philoteutonic Italy.

French passion, recklessness, and the desire to be revenged on the weak for defeats suffered from the strong, her impudence and provoking insolence towards Italy, have driven even the Liberal party, which for the last thirteen years has been in power, into the arms of Germany. But this Liberal party is as yet represented by men of from fifty to sixty, all therefore of mature age—men who have not only grown up in the influence of French ideas, but also in a fanatical hatred to the German name: for Tedesco and Austriaco were of course identical for them. It is excessively difficult for them to enter into sincere friendship with the new ally into whose arms their old friend forces them against their will. They cannot understand his language; his ideas are new and not clear to them. They have no trust in his character, because they see in him the tyrant or the gaoler of yore. His history, and particularly the history of his ideas, is unknown to them, and, like all Southern nations, they see far-fetched intentions, plans, intrigues, *arrières pensées*, in every

word and every step of the German statesman who since Frankfort and St. Petersburg has never chosen to hide anything on principle, as his enemy, Jules Favre, himself acknowledges. When it comes to the best, they apply to him and Prussia Franklin's words, "If villains only knew how profitable it is to be honest, they would be honest out of sheer villany." As for a frank and open co-operation, alliance, and solidarity, that is therefore not to be thought of yet, although in the present state of the struggle with the Church it would be eminently in Italy's interest.

Meanwhile, there is another generation growing up—happily for Italy little occupied with politics; a generation of young men who, born between 1840 and 1850, did not witness the reign of the Tedeschi, and therefore bear them no malice; who, having taken a glance at the German world, begin to take an interest in it; who perceive that the French civilization, as theoretically framed by Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, and practically realized by the Revolution, the First Empire and the Orleanists, has been followed by another civilization, the principles of which were established by Herder and Kant, which has renovated every branch of human knowledge, and finally succeeded in gaining external power and brilliancy. They have been nurtured with the ideas of this civilization: they have studied, and are still studying, philosophy in Hegel and Schopenhauer, philology in A. F. Wolf and Otfried Müller, history in Niebuhr and Mommsen, law in Savigny, language in Wilhelm von Humboldt and Bopp, nay, their own idiom of the middle ages in Dietz, and even what Italy was wont to consider as her exclusive possession, music, in Beethoven and Wagner. Many of these go to Germany; still more learn the German language in Italy, speaking and reading it fluently. In Naples and Pisa, professors are re-echoing German ideas, and German scientific methods are to be found at every Italian university. This is only a beginning, but it is the necessary base and preliminary condition of a political party which, sooner or later, will spring up out of such a ground and replace in perhaps ten or fifteen years the generation of political men educated in French ideas and habits of thought, who already begin, reluctantly it is true, and forced by the very friends of their youth, to prepare the way for their younger successors; and this way leads over the St. Gothard, not through the Mont Cenis.

From Good Words.

HINTS FOR ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE great labour of life, that which tends more to exhaust men than anything else, is deciding. There are people who will suffer any other pain readily, but shrink from the pain of coming to a decision. Now this is supposed to be wholly an evil and disadvantageous thing for the world; but, like most other tendencies of the human mind, it is a very beneficent arrangement. There would be no stability in the world if the making of decisions were not a very difficult thing. What was decided yesterday would be upset to-day; and there would be no long and fair experience of anything. Whereas, in the present state of human affairs, even if a great evil exists, and many people have recognized this evil, it requires an immense amount of decision and decisiveness before the evil can be uprooted. This brings into play many high qualities of human nature, such as long suffering, patience with opponents, and the exhaustion of reasoning powers brought to bear upon the evil which is sought to be destroyed.

I have added the word decisiveness to that of decision. It implies a continuance of decision. One of the reasons why responsibility is avoided, is because responsibility requires decisiveness as well as decision. If a man has resolved to take his just responsibility in any matter, he must continue to show decisiveness; and it is comparatively easy for him to come to the one decision to have nothing whatever to do with it.

It is supposed that decision has become much more difficult as civilization has advanced. There is some truth in this, but not so much as is imagined. It will be found, I think, upon observation, that to decide is an inherent difficulty in the human mind; and both amongst savages, and young children, it may be observed that there is a normal amount of suffering in coming to any decision, upon any matter, however serious or trifling.

Favouritism is often nothing more than an exercise of faith. The favourite does not exhibit the qualities or character which we especially approve of; but, somehow or other, he calls out our faith, and makes us believe that there is latent in him the nature which we should most admire. And we are rather proud of our supposed discovery, and of the vigour of our faith.

In studying the sayings or the writings of remarkable men, one of the principal things to observe is their repetition of the same idea. There is often an impatience of this repetition. "How often he says the same thing," is the exclamation of unthoughtful people, whereas what he repeats is what is best worth noting. It is not a notion taken up at first from fancifulness, or the love of novelty; but it is what experience, as interpreted by his nature, has engrained upon him. If he is worth studying at all, he is chiefly worth studying in order to ascertain what he *continues* to think. How valuable are the repetitions of the same idea which are to be found in such a writer as Goethe!

There is so vast an effluence of thought and observation in Shakespeare's works that it is difficult to infer with any certainty from his repetitions what were his continuous ideas and impressions. If one may venture to have an opinion in this matter, I would say that tolerance is one of the principal ideas expressed by Shakespeare in a thousand forms. I cannot imagine a man remaining intolerant, or even censorious, who had thoroughly studied, and so become imbued with the spirit of, his Shakespeare.

They talk about happiness being meted out to men in equal portions! But think of the difference between the man who has the gift of always hearing pleasant things said of himself behind his back, and the man who has the disease of always listening to ill-natured things said about himself in his absence. In neither case do I mean that these are real utterances; but, by the aid of fancy, we hear a great deal about ourselves that has never been spoken by mortal tongue.

If imagination, by some divine addition to its power, could do the work of experience, the whole world would be at once revived. For instance, no one, who has not had large experience, seems to be able to conceive or appreciate the enormous amount of misery in the world. The young read about the sad lives of great men; but, somehow or other, they fancy that these lives represent the past—that there is nothing quite analogous to them in the present day. Whereas the world is full of misery at all times; and perhaps the amount of it is nearly a constant quantity, or varies only according to the number of people on the earth, in all ages. If the fact of this large extent of suffering and misfortune were fully recognized by all of

us, each one would feel that there was no occasion to add to it by his own doings, and the social relations would inevitably become more tender and forbearing. It is, therefore, a great mistake to omit initiating the young into this great mystery of evil and suffering. Instead of keeping them away from the observation and the knowledge of suffering of all kinds, they should be taught to observe it, and, if possible, to comprehend it; for there is not any knowledge which may be turned into so much usefulness for their fellows, and so much improvement of their own characters. The greatest men that have ever lived have been those in whom the sentiment of pity for their fellow men has been most developed. On the other hand, the distinguishing characteristic of brutes is the unconsciousness of, or indifference to, all suffering, but that which touches themselves.

There is nothing which requires more generosity, and in which men are often less generous, than in pronouncing upon the conduct of their agents, when these have to settle some difficult matter without reference to their employers. For, consider the problem which the agent has to solve. He has to consider not only what is right in itself to be said or done, but he has to consider what another man, his chief, will consider to be right. And this complicates the problem amazingly. Moreover, he has generally to speak, or to act, on the spur of the moment, for if there were time he would but too readily seek to have the instructions of his chief. The greatest forbearance should be shown to any one who is obliged to take responsibility of such a difficult character upon him, when afterwards comment has to be made upon the course that he has fearfully resolved to pursue.

Responsibility is one of the heaviest burdens laid upon mankind, and the weight is often more than doubled when responsibility has to be taken on behalf of another—a third party being thus introduced; for there are not only the responsibilities affecting the persons concerned in the decision and the decider himself, but also those affecting the chief for whom this vicarious responsibility is undertaken.

The responsibility in question is of the most general character, and is often put not merely on official persons, and on men in command in distant regions, but upon the humblest domestic servants; and most persons in the course of their lives have opportunities of showing a generous forbearance in disapproving, or a just hearti-

ness in approving of decisions made for them by representatives.

It will always be a nice and difficult question to decide who are the most disagreeable people to live with. Our first thoughts in framing an answer to this question, will be directed to the more ugly and venomous passions—such as hatred, envy, jealousy, and the like. It will probably be found, however, that those qualities which come under the head of foibles rather than of vices, render people most intolerable as companions and coadjutors. For example, it may be observed that those persons have a more worn, jaded, and dispirited look than any others, who have to live with people who make difficulties on every occasion, great or small. It is astonishing to see how this practice of making difficulties grows into a confirmed habit of mind, and what disheartenment it occasions. The savour of life is taken out of it when you know that nothing you propose, or do, or suggest—hope for or endeavor—will meet with any response but an enumeration of the difficulties that will lie in the path you wish to travel. The difficulty-monger is to be met with not only in domestic and social life, but also in business. It not unfrequently occurs in business relations that the chief will never by any chance receive, without many objections and much bringing forward of possible difficulties, anything that is brought to him by his subordinates. They at last cease to take pains, knowing that no amount of pains will prevent their work being dealt with in a spirit of ingenious objectiveness. At last they say to themselves, "The better the thing we present, the more opportunity he will have for developing his unpleasant talent of objectiveness and his imaginative power of inventing difficulties."

It is a curious reflection to make, but probably a just one, that scandal flourishes all the more because scandal-mongers receive no gain from their proceedings. Many other crimes are attended by personal gain; and what is gained often furnishes the means of detection and of punishment. If, by a merciful provision of nature, it was arranged that a portion of the character taken away by scandal should attach itself to those who invent or propagate the scandal, the world, like the birds in the fable, would be very ready to fly upon the scandal-mongers and deprive those daws of the plumes thus gained. But in the present state of affairs, these

lovers and propagators of scandal do not gain the smallest shred of honour or reputation by their scandal-mongering, and consequently they feel much less shame and meet with much less reproof, as their evil sayings are attended by no personal advantage. It is only very nice and sensitive consciences that enable their owners to suffer remorse when they have heedlessly invented or furthered scandal.

It is very curious to observe the way in which anger is wont to make use of the plural. No sooner is any man injured, or thinks himself injured, by some one person belonging to a body, than the injured man attaches the blame to the whole of the body. He is injured, we will admit, by one person belonging to a family, or a government, or any section of mankind. Forthwith he goes about saying, "They are abominable people;" "They used me shamefully." This practice seems at first sight only ludicrous, but it often leads to most serious consequences. The injured man puts himself into an attitude of hostility to the whole body. They hear of it, and are prompt to take up the quarrel; and so, in the end, he really has to contend against the injustice, if it be injustice, not only of one man, but of many men; and thereby has not furthered his cause.

Rules are the inventions and the safeguards of mediocrity.

Strength of resolve is often the result of poverty of imagination, or rather perhaps of fixedness of imagination. A man allows himself to dwell upon one train of thought, to magnify the merits of the advantages of a certain course; and he insists upon keeping his mind closed against all other contending trains of thought.

Hence he appears to be very firm; but the firmness is that of blind favouritism, like that of the ape-mother in the fable, who at a moment of danger, instead of letting all her little ones climb up her back, seized one favourite ape-child, and, running straight on, intent alone on that one's preservation, dashed herself and the child against the wall.

It is not a subtle conceit, but is consistent with observed fact, that men who are prone to praise and commend others are mostly men of a melancholy character. At any rate, they are men who take a very high view of the difficulties and troubles of life. Hence they think much of small successes. Considering the faultiness of education, the strength of passion, the hardness of the world, the difficulty of making any impression upon it, and the many embarrassments which beset a man's progress in life, persons of the character I have described are rather surprised at anybody's behaving well, or doing anything rightly. That laudation which, when uttered by other men, is merely praise of an ordinary kind, is, when uttered by these men, a large appreciation of trials and difficulties overcome — perhaps an exaggerated appreciation, by reason of an excess in the sad and desponding view they take of human life.

Following up somewhat of the same train of thought, we may observe that the censure which men pronounce upon the conduct of others is mostly a censure proceeding from lofty expectations. The young especially abound in censure of this kind. They blame severely, because they look forward so hopefully both for themselves and others; and have as yet so little apprehension of the trials, struggles and difficulties in this confused and troubled world.

CHANGE OF HABITS IN A PLANT. — We lately recorded (*Academy*, vol. ii. p. 522) a singular instance of a change of habit of comparatively recent occurrence in the case of the Kea or mountain-parrot of New Zealand. The same observer, Mr. Thos. H. Potts, has noted in *Nature* (No. 118, Feb. 1st) a somewhat similar instance of the change of habit in a plant. The *Loranthus micranthus* is one of the most showy parasites belonging to the New Zealand flora, and is nearly allied to our mistletoe. Originally

parasitic on native trees belonging to the orders Violariaceæ and Rutaceæ, it appears now to have nearly deserted these in favour of trees introduced since the colonization of the islands by Europeans, especially the hawthorn, plum, peach, and laburnum. The latter tree was only introduced in 1859, and appears now to be one of its most favourite resorts, where it is abundantly visited by the (also introduced) European honey-bee.

Academy.